

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 494.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

[PRICE 2d.

HESTER'S HISTORY.

A NEW SERIAL TALE.

CHAPTER XIII. MRS. HAZELDEAN ACTS UPON HER INSTRUCTIONS.

Post hour was not breakfast hour in the village of Glenluce. The postman had to travel some thirty miles by outside car from the nearest rather important town, at which the letters for the mountains arrived early in the morning. Consequently, people in this neighbourhood read their despatches from their friends—or their enemies—over their supper table, and take their news with them to their pillows, instead of looking for it beside their plate in the morning. The post-horn is heard sounding through the village just as the children in the cottages are going to bed. They can hear the first echo of it before they sleep, blowing down to them from some winding of the high road, around the hill above the bay and the village street. To many a little dreaming ear it has come like the "horns of Elfland faintly blowing;" while to older watchers, wide awake and abroad, it has sounded terrible and significant, as the first blast from a war trumpet. For I speak of seventy years ago, when all the heartstrings of Ireland were strained, from east to west, from north to south, and a fearful sympathy thrilled its veins.

Autumn evenings are wont to wear out the remnant of their summer balminess much sooner in wild Irish bye-ways, haunted by sea breeze and mountain mist, than they are known to do in regions more civilised and less moist. Evening fires blaze on the long-idle hearthstones of drawing-rooms under the shelter of the everlasting hills, whilst people sitting close to the walls of cities are yet lingering by their open windows, loath to stir. First heralds of the winter are the roaring of such homely flames. And so pleasant and genial an under-current of melody is kept up by the piping and whistling of the new wood upon the hearth, so fragrant is the perfume from the long-glowing peat logs, that our farewell shake hands with the summer grows less reluctant. We watch her slow retreat from our gardens and dingles; see the sad cloak of her departure dropping gradually over the gay bravery of attire which was her

wearing; we put our feet, which have rambled, upon the stool before our fender, and wonder that we can hardly bear to sigh.

The post brought a letter to Mrs. Hazeldean one evening, when her first autumn fire had just been kindled in her grate. Mrs. Hazeldean at her tea-table, with her letter spread before her, made the centre of a picture such as most eyes would like to see. It was not in her pretty drawing-room that she made tea for herself and husband, albeit, her upper windows admitted a noble view of the mountains, around which, on this evening, cold mists were wrapping winding-sheets. Mrs. Hazeldean's teapot had made its way into her dining-room. Her garden lay stretched beyond her window, before her eyes. Her geraniums, still blooming, clung together in burning circles, her late roses yet lingered in sparse blossoms on their trees, and her ferns, scenting rain in the moist air, lifted their long delicate plumes and grew green in the chill dews.

So the warmth of deeply-coloured flowers, set in the cool greyness of the air, filled the space of the lower window, while the firelight took impertinently to itself all the credit for making brightness in the room. It gambolled over everything in the ecstasies of this conceit, books, picture, the curtains, the tea-kettle. It fell upon the floor in adoration, and kissed the hem of Mrs. Hazeldean's purple robe. It played with her little well-shod foot; but glanced off the fair foldings of her white muslin vest, as if it felt the inferiority of its own warmth when so near the fervent heat of her most womanly heart. It was restless, as if it felt that it could not have things all its own way until the dusk should have quite fallen, and extinguished the rival brilliance of the flower-beds without. But in the meantime the new fire that sent it forth intensified its glowing in the ardour of its delight, and sang songs to itself loudly and cheerily. It had resumed its magic empire within the dwellings of men. It had recovered its lost influence over human heart and limb.

Mrs. Hazeldean rested her cheek in her hand as she read. Her head was leaned aside a little; a head of such rare shape, both for intellect and womanly beauty that people involuntarily wondered while they delighted in looking at it. Ignorant people, who would have stared if you had told them such was the fact, put faith,

without knowing it, in the moulding of that head. It spoke to them of her judgment, just as her smile spoke of her heart. And it was clothed, not disguised, with a tight-fitting covering of satin-smooth hair, seamed with silver threads, which last had made their appearance—too soon if we would speak of fitting time—not too soon if we would only speak of beauty. No nut-brown tresses, nor golden curls, ever more enriched the head that wore them than did those gleaming braids passing the richly-coloured cheeks. Her broad brow, full of grace, shone with the goodness and power of all the thoughts that continually passed behind it. Her soft hazel eyes seemed black sometimes, from intensity of expression, as well as the shadows that lay above them from their strong dark settings. They were mirthful, tender, or solemn, those eyes, and they always carried sunshine to whatever side they turned. As for her mouth, it began and finished the perfection of her face. It was so firm and yet so indulgent, so sweet, and yet so grave; people listened, and looked at it, and were won. Its smile was so good, and said so much, that its word could scarce be better, or say more. But when the two came forth together it were little wonder if a hard heart should give way in sheer surprise. The habitual expression of her face was a serene look of happy content, as if she had a secret joy somewhere, which would not consent to be altogether hidden—under which dwelt a strong presence of mental resources, quietly basking in the sunshine of her temper, ready to spring at a moment's notice into vigorous action.

Dr. Hazeldean sat opposite to his wife, and he also read his letters. He was a pleasant-looking fresh-complexioned gentleman, with a face betraying high intellectual culture, as well as a peculiar generosity and benevolence of disposition. If one wanted to know his opinion of his wife, one might just watch him looking at her across the table. "The heart of her husband trusteth in her," said that look. "She will render him good and not evil all the days of her life."

"Will you read this, John, and tell me what you think?" said Mrs. Hazeldean. And she handed him her letter from the Mother Augustine.

The doctor read and shook his head.

"It is a scheme worthy of Mary and of you," he said; "and if only you and Mary were to be the actors in carrying it out, I should feel no doubt that you would make it flourish to perfection. But, considering the style of the people at the castle, I don't think such a poor girl would be happy in the position."

"I can see that danger myself," said Mrs. Hazeldean; "yet Mary seems so anxious about the matter; and if the girl is now in the keeping of Lady Humphrey, who was Judith Blake, why I would rather see her out of it, if I happened to be her friend."

"Which you will be, I foresee, if she comes here," said the doctor.

"Which I will be, please God!" said Mrs. Hazeldean. And the doctor took up his paper with a smile, and his wife poured out the tea.

The next morning, when Doctor Hazeldean was seated in his gig, his wife appeared, in her bonnet, in the doorway.

"I am going to pay a visit at the castle," she said, "and I want you to leave me a bit up the glen, on my way."

And so a bit up the glen she was left. The mountains opened before her as she walked, after that, and the village and the bay lay behind and far beneath her. The glen unfolded its windings, and the river that ran meeting her, which she had seen playing with the sedges in the lower ground, grew noisy and angry and picked a quarrel with all the stones in its way. Purple hills loomed high in the distance, looking through their wreaths of silver mist. Autumn woods lay in the lap of the hills, and stood round about the grey chimneys of the castle.

Mrs. Hazeldean paid many visits on her way, as she went along; for all things knew her on this road, and the humblest creature felt no awe at her approach. Even the hen-mothers pecking about the doors of the thatched cottages just blinked her a bright look and did not hurry themselves to drive their broods out of her way. The children lifted their heads and laughed right in her face. The very cows looked up from their grazing and approved of her as she passed by. Many a brightening face was thrust to greet her through open doorways; many a welcome awaited her within, from expectant sick people beyond the thresholds; many a homely chair was dusted that she might rest.

There was not an interest of these poor people that was too little for her sympathy. Were they sick or were they in trouble, here was their friend. Not alone the sister of the late baronet, who had been their master, but a sister of their own; never impatient at their ignorance, never scornful of their poverty, never angry at their mistakes, never weary of their complaints; not sweeping in, like Lady Helen, in a grand dress, breaking her feathers and her temper against the low lintels of their doors, overwhelming them to confusion with a few words of condescension, chucking the frightened children under the chin—maybe giving a present like an alms, and sweeping out again; more like the old lady, her dead mother, but warmer, less stately, more familiar.

Most like of all to Miss Mary and Sir Archie, though with an amount of experience, and a keen insight into all the little needs of humble lives which even they did not possess in the same degree. These two had been her children, her disciples; though not a great many years younger than herself.

Just of late there had been many a wild torrent of grief which Mrs. Hazeldean had been called upon to stem. Though the horrors that were abroad in the country had not actually set foot upon the glens, yet scarce a cottager of the mountains but had some friend, elsewhere, who was in prison or in torture, who had been

beggared, or put to death. Pale faces were getting plentiful in the fields and on the roads, and tears by the firesides.

There was a fine new approach to the castle, through great gates, round a sward, near a deer park. Lady Helen's carriage horses had room to prance in the avenue. But there was another way of coming upon the castle, by a wilder bit of glen than had been passed. In ancient times there had been a moat, and a part of it yet remained, in which lilies multiplied and sedges mustered, while wild weeds and flowers dipped and dabbled in its margin. This had been the former entrance to the castle, and the old drawbridge still arched its brown back over the water, throwing a solemn black shadow amidst the whiteness of the lilies. Crossing this old bridge one came upon the most ancient portion of the castle, now worn into disuse, with a little black door, no bigger than a postern gate, set low in the wall, studded with large iron nails. It had once been the main entrance, but trees were growing about it now. Farther on, at either side of the bridge, this remnant of a moat wandered away into dryness; and in its bed here and there long ferns had struck their roots, rich ribbon-grass had straggled up, bringing with it scarlet poppies, the creamy meadow sweet, and the crimson tassels of the lusmore blossoms.

Lady Helen Munro, Miss Janet Golden, a King Charles spaniel, and a white French poodle, were all in the drawing-room when Mrs. Hazeldean arrived. Lady Helen had just issued from her dressing-room, Miss Golden had just returned from her morning ride. Lady Helen, in white, with pink ribbons, was extended on a couch, showering kisses upon one dog. Miss Janet in her riding-habit was teasing the other with her whip.

"Ah, dear Margaret, how are you?" said Lady Helen, languidly holding up her cheek, which she expected should come in contact with Mrs. Hazeldean's bright lips.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hazeldean?" said Miss Golden, contriving to hold out her jewelled hand between the pauses of her laughter over the dog.

"Dear Margaret, how you trot about!" said Lady Helen. "You are as nimble and as fresh as a girl. And I—see how languid and good-for-nothing I am. It is all in the constitution of one's family."

"Doggie, doggie, doggie! why don't you laugh?" said Miss Golden, poking the spaniel with her whip. But this must only have been her sport. She could not have meant him to laugh at Lady Helen.

Lady Helen was fifty-five years of age, and Mrs. Hazeldean was forty. Lady Helen always spoke as though Mrs. Hazeldean were the elder; but they were sisters-in-law, which at least placed them quite on an equality. Mrs. Hazeldean's silvered braids could surely never look so juvenile as Lady Helen's jetty ringlets. True, Lady Helen's long handsome face was thin and full of lines, but then that was to be

accounted for by her delicacy of constitution. Dear Margaret's soft, bright cheeks were the result of her perfect health. Besides, Lady Helen was the daughter of an earl, and blue blood is pale and cool. Mrs. Hazeldean was only the daughter of a baronet, and had been pleased to marry a doctor of medicine. And dear Margaret was well known to be a little common in her tastes, which was, no doubt, the reason why her lips remained so red, and her eyes kept so undignified a brightness. But Lady Helen had been a beauty of an aristocratic type.

"I hope you have not brought a bundle of horrors with you, Margaret," said Lady Helen. "I don't want to hear anything about the state of the country."

In truth, Mrs. Hazeldean so seldom walked up to the castle, merely for the sake of paying a morning call, that it was no wonder she should be suspected of having a further motive in coming. She did not hesitate now in unfolding her business.

"Well, I must say it was very thoughtful of Mary to attend to my commission so quickly," said Lady Helen, with more spirit in her manner than she had yet shown. "But why did she not write to me, I wonder? Come over here, Janet, my dear, and let us have a pleasant talk about our new dressmaker."

Miss Janet came over reluctantly, swinging her whip. She was a sumptuous-looking little person, with a tight plump figure and a jewel in each ear as large as a half-crown piece. She had roguish dark eyes and a graceful self-sufficient-looking little nose. What with her pretty white hands, and her fair smooth cheeks, and her glossy dark curls and glancing white teeth, she would certainly have been charming all over, but for a sarcastic little twist which came and went about her mouth. Yet some people thought that this last gave a peculiar piquancy to her countenance.

"Can she make everything?" Lady Helen went on, eagerly. "Ball dresses and dinner dresses? morning robes and spencers? Can she copy the Paris fashions from a picture?"

"I have heard," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "that she was chosen by her mistress to compose a court dress for a duchess; so I think you may safely trust yourself to dine in a gown of her making at Glenluce."

"Then why does she come here?" asked Lady Helen, all alive. "Oh, we shall surely never be lucky enough to get her amongst us! She will be certain to stay in London and make her fortune. It would be cruel to ask her to bury her genius alive."

"Not cruel, if she wishes it," said Mrs. Hazeldean, judiciously repressing a smile. "There is one reason for her wishing it, which I am charged to explain. This girl is not an ordinary dressmaker, who would drop her h's and make friends with the housemaids. She is well born, well bred, and educated; she is young, and an orphan; she would like a quiet home with people who would be kind to her.

Mary considers her a treasure, as I have told you; but she has bid me declare to you that she will not allow her to come here unless you promise to treat her at all points as a lady."

Lady Helen opened her eyes and looked aghast.

"What! make her an equal?" she exclaimed. "Bring one's dressmaker into one's drawing-room! How ridiculously like Mary's notions! Janet, love, what do you think of such a proposal?"

"Rather high a price to pay for the making of a gown, I think," said Miss Janet, with that curl coming over her lips, "to have the seamstress at one's elbow at the dinner-table."

"But then it is not the case of merely making a gown," said Lady Helen; "my maid can turn out a neat gown when necessary. This is a case of style and ornament and fashion, my darling. It were worth some little sacrifice to secure such results. But then, as you say, to have one's seamstress at the dinner-table! Dear Margaret, are there no other terms to be made than these?"

Mrs. Hazelden laughed heartily.

"What a trouble I have brought to you!" she said. "But I said nothing about a dinner-table. Mary will be satisfied, I dare say, if you keep her little friend from amongst the servants."

Lady Helen heaved a sigh of relief.

"I can readily promise that," she said, gratefully, "and I will engage to show her kindness and attention. Let me see. I can give her a couple of rooms in the east tower, above Madge. And, by the way, that reminds me that poor Madge will expect to be invited to this conclave."

A bell having been rung and a message sent, a fourth lady made her appearance in the room.

This lady was of age uncertain, of looks ill-favoured, and in manner of the style known as "flighty." She wore a short yellow gown of Chinese silk, trimmed with rows of little flounces to the knee. She wore sandalled shoes and mittens, and beautiful large clocks upon her stockings. She wore a band going round her head, fastened by a little brooch upon her forehead. In this brooch was a tiny miniature of her lover of bygone days, who had been drowned in the deep seas on his way home to make her his wife. This lady was a second cousin of Lady Helen; not mad, as had sometimes been startlingly proved, but a little more than "odd," to say the least. She was the Honourable Madge McNaughten by name, and never forgot the dignity of her title. It had come to her late in life, without bringing any lightening of a poverty that had half-crazed her youth. But it had soothed her so much that, after its acquisition, she had consented to accept the bounty of her cousin, Lady Helen. And she was known to all comers, never as Miss McNaughten, but always, for her satisfaction, as the "Honourable Madge."

"Now, Madge," said Lady Helen, "we are going to have a talk. Here is Margaret going

to find us the very thing we want. The dressmaker, you remember, whom you and I have quarrelled about!"

"I like flounces, you know," said the Honourable Madge, sitting down by Mrs. Hazelden with a confidential air. "They furnish the figure so much, especially when it is thin. And I have always been as thin as a whipping-post. Members of noble families are often observed to be thin."

And Miss Madge shook out all her little fluttering frills, and drew up her figure, which, indeed, had somewhat the outlines of a broomstick.

"You shall be flounced up to your neck, if you have the fancy," said Lady Helen; who, to do her justice, was always indulgent and considerate with this cousin whom she sheltered. "But, dear Margaret," she continued, "I trust there will be no mistake about the attainments of this young person. Poor Mary, you know, had never much taste for style, even in the world. I should like to see a specimen of the young woman's work before I made the final arrangements to bring her here."

"Dolls!" cried the Honourable Madge, clapping her mittens together in excitement; "dolls, my dear Helen, would be the plan. Fit them as if they were women, flounce them and trim them. Copy them from the fashion-books and send them in a box."

"An excellent plan, I declare!" said Lady Helen. "I will write about it to Mary myself."

Mrs. Hazelden's business had now come to a conclusion. "I think it will be better to say nothing about Lady Humphrey," she reflected, as she retraced her steps down the glen.

So letters came flying from Glenluce to the Mother Augustine. "I think they will treat her fairly; we must try and make her happy," wrote Mrs. Hazelden. But Lady Helen's letter was all about the dolls.

Therefore Hester set to work to furnish specimens of her skill. Pretty scraps of silks and satins were procured for her, some well-shaped little dolls, and some pictures out of the latest book of fashions. Sometimes she brought her sewing to a little table in the convalescent ward, by the bedside of the young milliner who loved to talk about the country. Hester also might be sent away to live among fresh hills. Would the sick girl tell her more about the mountains? And the sick girl told her more. And the time sped pleasantly by. And the little dolls were clothed and sent away.

And the dolls did their duty. Judging from her letters Lady Helen's cup of happiness was now full. She was anxious only to receive the young dressmaker under her roof. If propriety had permitted it she could almost have taken her into her arms.

Lady Humphrey was duly informed of the Mother Augustine's exertions, and their success. I will not pause to expose her private feelings on the occasion; neither have I time to repeat the thanks which she poured out in

the convent parlour. The only thing which it is necessary to relate is the fact that she insisted that her dear Hester, so soon to be torn away from her, should pay her at least a short visit at Hampton Court before her departure.

This Hester unwillingly agreed to. Yet why should it have been unwillingly? Was ever doating mother more careful and fond than Lady Humphrey was daily proving herself now? If Hester had been about to become a bride, this good friend could not have furnished her with a more generous trousseau. She should not be a shabby Hester going to live among fine people; she should not want for a becoming gown to appear in, when that time should arrive, which Lady Humphrey foresaw, when a glimpse of her pretty face should be desired in a castle drawing-room. She should not be kept away in the background through the need of fitting attire; she should be furnished at all points and for all seasons like a lady.

And Hester was confounded and overwhelmed with much bounty. Had she ever, indeed, been sufficiently grateful to Lady Humphrey? Had it not been her own perverse nature which had hindered her loving this friend? Now, when the hour of separation, perhaps for ever, was drawing near, her heart swelled in regret, and reproached her with sore pain.

And there were many little instructions and advices to be given.

"You will write to me constantly, of course, my dear love?" said Lady Humphrey; "and you will always speak of me kindly, will you not, my little Hester?"

"Oh, Lady Humphrey!" said Hester, blushing guiltily, but with sincere pain for the past, and a desire to be very loyal in the future.

"I may not have been wise, my love," said Lady Humphrey, "but I have acted for the best, as far as I could see. And I wish to warn you, my dear, that these people to whom you are going are possessed by a prejudice against me. We were friends in former days, but mischief was made between us. Yet long absence has not deprived me of all interest in their fate."

Lady Humphrey paused. Hester was silent and surprised, not knowing what to say.

"And you, too, dear Hester," Lady Humphrey continued, presently, "you also must feel an interest in these good people, who have been so kind to you—in that dear lady of the convent, and in her brother, who did you so important a service."

"Yes," said Hester, readily.

"Well, then, my love, I will entrust you with a secret," said Lady Humphrey, lowering her voice and with an air of deep concern. "There is a way in which you and I can be of use to these worthy people. We can save them, perhaps, from trouble—from destruction."

"Can we?" said Hester, with open amazed eyes.

"You know, my dear love, that the country of Ireland to which you are going is disturbed by revolutionary troubles—nay, you need not

turn pale, all is peace in the neighbourhood of Glenluce. But Sir Archie Munro may be implicated—may be suspected of encouraging the people elsewhere to rebellion. Do you understand me, dear Hester?"

"I understand," said Hester, faintly.

"In case such things were proved against him he must be seized—perhaps hanged," said Lady Humphrey. "But it may lie with you and me to avert this danger from his head."

"How?" asked Hester, fearfully.

"By watching over his interests," said Lady Humphrey, with enthusiasm. "I am here, you see, in London, and I have friends," she added mysteriously. "You watch well over Sir Archie's movements at Glenluce. Write me constantly, and describe events without reserve. Thus kept constantly informed of all his doings, I shall be able, from my knowledge of facts, to keep all danger and suspicion from his path."

The very vagueness of this speech gave it an especially terrible meaning for Hester. She had heard of troubles in Ireland, but she had not thought about them until now. And she was to do so great a service to these friends who had been so good to her. And this was Lady Humphrey, whom she had feared, who was enabling her to do it. Oh, how stupid, and blind, and unfeeling, she had been!

"You must remember, my little Hester, that this is a secret between you and me," said Lady Humphrey, by-and-by, having watched some time in silence how her instructions had been received, how they had sunk in and settled down, with a great hold, in Hester's mind. "You will promise never to repeat what I have just said to you. It would be terrible to give a hint of it to our dear friend, the Mother Augustine. It would needlessly alarm and give her pain. You will promise?"

"I promise," said Hester, solemnly; then laid hold of Lady Humphrey's hand and kissed it.

"God bless you, Lady Humphrey!" she said. "You are a good, good woman!"

Pierce Humphrey arrived one evening to bid adieu to little Hester. He had written to her apologising for his conduct at the ball, and she had long ago forgotten the offence; so also, it would seem, had he himself.

"So you are going to Glenluce, little Hester?" said Mr. Pierce. "You are going to live under the roof with my Janet. What a friendship you and she will strike up!"

"Oh, no!" said Hester, quickly. "That is not likely, indeed; for you know I am not going as a lady."

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Pierce Humphrey, laughing. "You could not be anything else, if you tried. Yes, you and she will surely be good friends. And I think you will say a word for me, little Hester?"

"That I will," said Hester, smiling, "if I am allowed to have a chance."

"Nay, I think you will make a chance," said Pierce, coaxingly. "You must talk to her

about me, and you will write to me. That you will, like a good kind girl. And you will tell me how she speaks of me, and what she thinks of that great baronet, Sir Archie Munro. You will promise to do this?"

"I will do it if I can," said Hester, doubtfully.

"That means that you will do it. And look here," said Pierce Humphrey, "if she seems at all to listen to you, you must give her back this ring; it is her own, which I gave her once, and which she returned to me in a letter. You must tell her that I sent it to her; and if that does not touch her heart," said foolish Pierce, with a great sigh, "I am sure I know of nothing else that will."

After some doubts and difficulties, half expressed, but strongly felt, Hester was simple enough to consent to take the ring. And soon after this she returned to the Mother Augustine; and then there arose the question of how to ship her off to Ireland.

FARM AND COLLEGE.

THAT part of the holding of a farmer or landowner which pays best for cultivation is the small estate within the ring fence of his skull. Let him begin with the right tillage of his brains, and it shall be well with his grains, roots, herbage and forage, sheep and cattle; they shall thrive and he shall thrive. "Practice with science" is now the adopted motto of the Royal Agricultural Society. Amateur farming by men whose real business lies in other trades, and who, without any true scientific training, play with a few of the results of science, cannot pay and never ought to pay. The farmer's occupation is the oldest, the most necessary, and, when rightly pursued, one of the worthiest a man can follow. Of late years it has risen to the dignity of a liberal profession, and the young Englishman may go through part of his special training for it in a well appointed college.

This is the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester. After fighting an uphill fight for twenty years, it stands now upon higher ground than any other institution of its kind. There is, indeed, no other of its kind in England; but of institutions for the practical and scientific training of the farmer out of England; among the agricultural academies in France, Germany, and elsewhere; not one, we believe, is at the same time satisfactory and self supporting. The Imperial Model Farm and School of Agriculture at Grignon, founded in 1826, and the chief of several established by Louis Philippe, receives subvention from the State, and the pupils upon its one thousand two hundred acres are under highly qualified teachers paid by the French Government. The German academies and experimental stations are also endowed by their governments. In Ireland, again, our own Government has founded agricultural schools. An unendowed agricultural

school, founded in 1821 at Bannow, Wexford, only lived seven years. But since that time the Commissioners of National Education have made agricultural training schools part of their system. The chief of these training schools is at Glanvin, where there are also thirty acres of botanic garden; and a year ago the Museum of Irish Industry was reconstructed and opened on a seven years' probation as a Government school of science with a department of agriculture. Our English college, founded six and twenty years since, not by Government, but by working farmers, when a fashion had come up for recognising the new need of scientific training to their business, has not received one farthing of public money. It had to find its own way in the world, and paid so heavily for the experience by which it profits now, that there is a charge to be met of some twelve hundred a year, interest on debt incurred in its young days. For the last twenty years the college has paid this out of its earnings, while providing liberally from the same source for the minds and bodies of its students. Abandoning illusions and endeavours to achieve desirable impossibilities, it has attained a degree of efficiency which brings visitors from France, Spain, Germany, Sweden, and the United States to look into its system. It draws pupils also from distant parts of the old world and of the new. To this condition of a widely recognised efficiency the Farmers' College has attained, and it is working on towards yet higher attainable results. The number of students has, of late years, been steadily rising, and now mounts to seventy, which is within ten of the largest number that can be accommodated in the handsome gothic building set up by the sanguine founders of the institution. In a few years there will not be room for all applicants. A case in its natural history museum shows how greatly the yield of wheat may be improved by the use of picked seed. When there can be a preliminary examination for the picking of the best prepared and aptest minds, and more or less exclusion of the weak and idle, the tillage of brains in the Cirencester College, already so successful, will show finer and more uniform results.

British farming always has been in the front rank of that form of industry. A Book of Husbandry, written more than three centuries ago by one of Henry the Eighth's judges of the Common Pleas, at a time when cultivated herbage and edible roots were unknown in England, is said to contain little that is not permanently true about the cultivation of corn, and clearly to point out errors of practice which have been transmitted from the untaught father to his untaught son, even to this day, in some English districts. Twenty-three years after the printing of that book of Fitzherbert's, husbandry came to honour of verse in Thomas Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Husbandry, a book which indicates many a then recent increase to our agricultural wealth. Hops, introduced early in the century, had become a common

crop; hemp and flax also were common crops; and carrots, cabbages, turnips, and rape, were grown for the kitchen. Clover, and probably also turnips, came to England in the reign of Charles the First, through Sir Richard Weston, who had been ambassador to the Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, and who wrote a discourse on the husbandry of Brabant and Flanders. In sixteen 'eighty-four we have the first notice of turnips as a food for sheep; but even at the time when George the Third came to the throne, clover and turnips, essential as they are to the modern farming system, were scarcely cultivated by our common farmers in the north. It was at the end of the Stuart time, when we first begin to hear of the sheep eating turnips, that potatoes began to attract attention. Raleigh, who brought the plant from Virginia, had established it in Ireland, thence it had passed into Lancashire, where, at the end of the reign of Charles the Second, we learn "they are very numerous, and now they begin to spread all the kingdom over. They are a pleasant food, boiled or roasted, and eaten with butter and sugar."

Scientific farming may be said to have begun in the first year of the last century, when Mr. Jethro Tull, a Berkshire gentleman, reasoned to himself that plants feed on minute particles of earth taken up by their rootlets, and, therefore, began sowing his crops in rows or drills, so wide apart as to admit of tillage by plough and hoe in the intervals. His purpose was to break up the soil into what he called "pasture" for the roots, and to eradicate the weeds which would steal part of "this terrestrial matter." He formed his land into broad ridges, with two or three rows of his crop upon each, then used horse-hoeing between the ridges and hand-hoeing between the rows. Jethro Tull was a generation ahead of his time, and his book upon Horse-hoeing Husbandry, produced vehement controversy. But in our own day his reputation has come up and ripened. His book appeared in seventeen 'thirty-one, eight years after the formation of our first Agricultural Society—"the Society of Improvers on the Knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland." The Earl of Stair, one of its most active members, is said to have been the first man who grew turnips in Scotland. He had a turnip head. But this society also was before its time, and lived only for twenty years. Mr. Maxwell, another of its active members, who gave lectures upon agriculture, published at its death a volume of its Select Transactions, and in that volume occurs the first mention of a threshing machine. It was patented, worked by water power, and recommended by the society as enabling one man to do the work of six.

The Royal Dublin Society, founded in 1737, had for one object the encouragement of agriculture. It still holds an annual cattle show, and has of late years established an Order of Associates in Agriculture. Holders of it are entitled to wear blue blossoms of speedwell in their button-holes.

Population increased, commerce and the arts added continually to the wealth and power of the nation, farms were enlarged, and so much new land was brought into use, that whereas before the reign of George the Third the whole number of enclosure bills that had been passed was only two hundred and forty-four, there were passed within that reign more than three thousand. In seventeen 'seventy-seven the Bath and West of England Society, for the encouragement of "Agriculture, Arts, Manufacture, and Commerce," came into existence, and began to hold its meetings. It met to exhibit breeding stock and implements, and offered premiums for reports on subjects affecting agriculture in the West of England. Six years later, that is to say, in seventeen 'eighty-three, the "Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland" was instituted, for the encouragement of Highland Agriculture, Fisheries, and Commerce. This was the year in which the country was relieved of the baneful pressure of the American War. It was the time, also, of Robert Bakewell's fame as an improver of the breeds of sheep and cattle. His improvement upon the long-horned cattle has been superseded by the application of his own principles to the short-horn or Durham breed; but the new race of sheep that he perfected, the Leicesters, still adds to the wealth of the country. The Bakewells of Cirencester go a step further, and are for the intellectual breeding of an improved race of farmers.

What is called alternate husbandry, alternation of green crops with grain crops, came also in those days into use. In seventeen 'eighty-eight the Swede turnip was accidentally discovered, and soon was in general cultivation. Swing ploughs and threshing machines were no longer rarities. Five years after the discovery of the Swede turnip a "National Board of Agriculture" was established, and remained alive for twenty years, collecting statistical information and drawing up special surveys, documents which would have been more serviceable if they had been less extensive and less expensive. Agriculture next throve upon blood manure in the wars of the French Revolution.

Seventeen 'ninety-five brought us a deficient harvest, and Napoleon's cutting off of our supply of foreign grain. The price of wheat was nearly doubled. Upon this followed the Bank Restriction Act, suspending cash payments, and introducing unlimited speculation upon credit. The high price of wheat stimulated farmers to produce as much of it as possible, by improving arable land, reclaiming wastes, and ploughing up their pastures; the green crop of the new system of alternate husbandry more than compensating for the pasturages thus withdrawn. This lasted for twenty years. Wheat that in the preceding twenty years had sold for less than fifty shillings a quarter, rose till in eighteen hundred and twelve it came to one hundred and twenty-six shillings. The people suffered but the farmers throve, and agriculture made rapid advances. Within that period

of twenty years the rental of land in Scotland advanced from two million to five million and a quarter.

Since that terrible war period there has been rapid and great increase of population asking to be fed, there has been great increase of wealth and great increase of knowledge. Law has struck off fetters with which it had crippled enterprise. The steam engine was first applied to a threshing machine in eighteen hundred and three; there were several machines so worked fifteen or eighteen years later. Steam on the farm, steam on the railway, making transit of stock easy, the marvellous development of mechanical inventions, and a still more marvellous development of the great science of organic chemistry, which has given a true basis to the practice of farming, have secured during the present century the progress of agriculture; although the majority of farmers, scattered over the land in much inevitable isolation from the great collective life of men, have kept pace slowly with the movements of their day.

Sir Humphrey Davy was the first chemist who took a real hold upon the agricultural mind, and this was when, in eighteen 'twelve, he lectured before the Board of Agriculture, and showed that agricultural chemistry had for its study all changes in the arrangements of matter connected with the growth and nourishment of plants; the comparative values of their produce as food; the constituents of soils; the manner in which lands are nourished by manure, or rendered fertile by the different processes of cultivation. But the great stir in this direction began with the publication, in eighteen 'forty, of Baron Liebig's work on Chemistry in its application to Agriculture and Physiology. Liebig's writings obtained a remarkably wide popularity. Everybody concerned in the management of farms was bitten by Liebig, and talked potash and nitrogenous manure. It was the fashion to believe that this great chemist had found the master key to agricultural success. There was a wholesome little mania for agricultural chemistry. The most wonderful immediate results of all kinds were expected from what Liebig called offering a small piece of the philosopher's stone as an oblation to the God of the Dunghill. But when these immediate results didn't follow, the more empty of those who had gone with the crowd turned back. Nevertheless an impulse had been given to true progress in the right direction. In eighteen 'forty-two a body of Mid Lothian tenant farmers started an "Agricultural Chemistry Association," and employed a chemist to conduct experiments for them. Their zeal died out in a few years, but the Highland Agricultural Society kept up the chemical researches. The Agricultural College at Cirencester originated in the same way in the same year 'forty-two. There was not only the Liebig mania in all its freshness and strength, but the tendency to work by association was then strengthening among the farmers as among other bodies of men. The Yorkshire

Society had been formed in 'thirty-seven; the Royal Agricultural Society of England, which now has more than five thousand members, and is in close connexion with the Royal Veterinary College, in 'thirty-eight; the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland in 'forty-one; the College at Cirencester, as before said, in 'forty-two; and in 'forty-three the chief of the Farmers' Clubs came into life, the Central Farmers' Club, with its headquarters at the York Hotel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

It was at a meeting of one of the many local Farmers' Clubs—that of Cirencester and Fairford held in November eighteen 'forty-two—that Mr. Robert Jeffries Brown delivered an address "On the Advantages of a Specific Education for Agricultural Pursuits;" and this was the first move towards the founding of the Cirencester College. When the club met again, at the end of December, its members adopted formally a public address based upon Mr. Brown's views, saying that "we cannot too highly estimate the importance of a specific education for those engaged in agricultural pursuits; and the great value to them of a knowledge of those sciences that are in constant operation in the cultivation of the soil, the growth of crops, and the rearing and feeding of domestic animals; and we think it most essential that the study of these sciences should be united with practical experience. The advantages of an institution of this kind to the landowner, as well as to the occupier, are too obvious to require comment; and we confidently rely on their cordial co-operation and support."

They proceeded accordingly to wait upon landowners and occupiers; upon their own particular great man at Oakley Park, Earl Bathurst, and upon the other chief men of the district. They held meetings also at various market towns. Mr. Brown gave nearly the whole of the next year to the work he had begun. At a public meeting held in Cirencester in April, 'forty-four, it was moved by an earl—the late Earl Ducie—and seconded by a tenant farmer, that an institution ought to be provided in which "The rising generation of farmers may receive instruction at a moderate expense in those sciences a knowledge of which is essential to successful cultivation, and that a farm form part of such institution." Then Lord Bathurst offered a farm of more than four hundred acres for a long term of years, and an adjacent building site for ninety-nine years; a society was formed for the establishment and management of an agricultural college, the interest of noblemen and landowners in distant parts of the kingdom was raised to subscription point, and a proposed capital of twelve thousand pounds was thus obtained. In March, 'forty-five, a charter of incorporation was secured; but as it was now found that twelve thousand pounds would not do all that was expected to be done, it was provided by the deed of settlement that this capital should be doubled. Additional exertions did not quite succeed in doubling it,

but they did bring it up to a few hundreds over twenty thousand pounds. The managers, delivering themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment of a good dabble in—the mud-pie making of our maturer years—bricks and mortar, produced a handsome edifice, with a frontage of nearly two hundred feet, battlemented tower, gable roofs, and lofty gothic windows. Rooms made, of course, to the windows, instead of windows to the rooms, were often spacious only in height. Lofty they must be, because the ceiling is usually looked for somewhere above the top of the window; and the bottom of the window, itself lofty, would be so high above the floor that a student might have to stand on a chair to see the ground outside. There was a dining-hall so high that, without making it a bit too low, a very fine museum has been got by laying a floor midway across it. But on the whole, no doubt, a very durable and handsome college was erected, which by some trouble and thought has, in course of years, become as convenient and comfortable as if the architect himself had been vulgar enough to care for the convenience of its inmates. The architect—several of his craft have done the same within the present century—considerably exceeded his estimates. The managers of the new college were sanguine, and had all their experience to buy; there was no other agricultural college in the country by whose early mistakes they might profit; so they began, like heroes, with an offer of board, lodging, practical and scientific education, all for thirty pounds a year. What could be more desirable than that? “How lovely the intrepid front of youth!” Experience the first showed that while each student paid thirty pounds a year for everything, he cost the college thirty-two for meat and drink alone. That being so, how was the debt on the buildings to be met? How were the teachers to be paid? Out of the profits of the farm? Aye, but that, too, was managed at a loss. There was a bright ideal notion that students should become practically acquainted with every detail of farm work—hoeing, digging, paring turnips, feeding sheep, and so forth; but that if they did field labour they gave service worth wages, and should be credited with wages of their work. Thus it was thought that their industry might pay some part of the cost of their maintenance. And, behold, there was a book kept in which every student was credited with the wages of such work as he did on the farm. Such work! Well. The same bright speculation is to be tried under different and far more hopeful conditions at the new Cornell University in New York.

The plan of the Cornell Institution, which has enrolled our countryman, Mr. Goldwin Smith, among its professors, is partly based upon the good later results obtained at Cirencester. About six years ago Mr. Ezra Cornell, of Ithaca, New York, who had made a large fortune by telegraphy, visited the college at Cirencester with Colonel Johnstone. He afterwards made his offer to the New York govern-

ment of more than a hundred thousand pounds, in addition to the considerable grant of land from Congress to a state that would provide agricultural teaching, on condition that the whole should go to the founding of a single institution, not as a grant to be divided among several districts. The result is the Cornell University in the State of New York, one department of which is planned upon the model of Cirencester, and forms the only good agricultural college in the United States. There is a large agricultural school at Yale, but it is not very efficient. Mr. Cornell was told at Cirencester of the complete failure there of the system of paying students wages for field labour. Nevertheless he means to try it in America, but not in the same form. The large endowment makes the teaching practically gratuitous in his new university. The farmwork is not required of any as a necessary part of the routine, but it is open to all. Thus it is thought that the poorest father may send an industrious son to this new institution, with the assurance that while he receives intellectual training he may earn enough to pay his moderate expenses, finding also suitable work ready to his hand, and a state of opinion among his fellows trained to recognise it as both useful and honourable. In fact, we are told by newspapers that in this first session of the Cornell University some youths entered three months before the classes opened for the sake of earning two dollars a day through haying and harvest towards their winter expenses. The Cirencester students did not work like men who labour for a living. When the poor student at a Scottish university, who supplies, doubtless, another of Mr. Cornell's models, is proud to earn by work of his hands in leisure time the money spent on cultivation of his intellect, he works nobly, indeed, but under the strong joint pressure of need and ambition. The common labourer works to feed himself and his wife and children; but the young student whose actual wants are paid for by his father's cheque, and who goes out with a troop of light-hearted young fellows in his own position to play at field labour in the name of education, and to have his earnings put down to his father's credit, is the most unprofitable of all known sorts of farm servant. He turns work into play, smokes under hedges, and even when he does get through a certain quantity of work, is not to be relied upon for doing it at the right time, or thoroughly. When the business of the college farm required that certain work should be completed in a certain field by a particular day, the chance would be that it was not done, or done badly, if it was entrusted to the students. To the students of that day: we speak of times completely gone, of difficulties conquered, partly by abandonment of efforts in a wrong direction; but the results of the first years of work in the Agricultural College at Cirencester were disappointing. In the year 'forty-eight the managers found that they had overdrawn their account at the bank to the extent of about ten

thousand pounds. They were working college and farm at a loss, and had not much to say for the results produced. Even the art of managing the hearty, free-spirited farmers' sons, accustomed to much outdoor sport and little study, who then came to the college, had yet to be learnt. One day a rat was brought to the lecture room of an unpopular professor, let loose in lecture time with a sudden slamming of every desk, hunted, killed, and thrown in the professor's face.

Then there was the very troublesome fact of the overdrawn ten thousand. The promoters met to consider whether the college was to be closed as a failure. The result of discussion was that the work of the place lay before it, not the less clear for its early errors and shortcomings. Earl Ducie, Earl Bathurst, Mr. Sotherton Estcourt, and Mr. Edward Holland, who had first offered himself to bear the whole responsibility, became, with Mr. Langston, answerable for all the college debts, and by right of this responsibility, they took upon themselves its management. Upon their personal security upwards of thirty thousand pounds were added to the original subscriptions and donations. These gentlemen now constitute the Council of the College, and under their supervision it has become what it now is, not yet the best conceivable thing of its kind, but the best and most successful agricultural college that has yet been founded anywhere.

It stands about a mile out of Cirencester, facing Oakley Park, whose beautiful woods were so familiar to Pope that in his later years he wrote thence to Martha Blount, "You cannot think how melancholy this place makes me. Every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I passed once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend, who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift." And he said that he felt in it "the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twickenham whenever I pass my mother's room." Alas that Pope's melancholy should be perpetuated, for there is talk of placing a new cemetery midway between the town and the college, a cheerful addition to what now is an agreeable promenade. So planted, on high and healthy ground, six hundred feet above the sea level, and with no buildings but its own in sight, the college is as pleasant a place of residence as any one could wish who takes delight in English country air and scenery. The Farmers' College is as rural in all its surroundings as the farmer's occupation. Its massive and roomy farm buildings are a quarter of a mile distant from it. They include a fixed engine of ten-horse power, which works a threshing-mill, a pair of stones for bruising or grinding, the chaff and root cutters, and also the pumps. There are the feeding-boxes and cow-house, the chaff and root house, where all material is prepared for the stock, which is lodged close by in yards, and sheds, and styes. The cart-stable is so divided that each animal can move about at pleasure, and be fed at the head. An

opposite line of buildings includes the slaughterhouse, tool and artificial manure house, office, and blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, in which useful lessons may be taken by those students who are about to emigrate. Under the roofs of these buildings are shed-room, straw and hay lofts, and granary. Add to all these a roomy rickyard and the residences of the bailiff and tenant, an old student of the college, who took honours there in his time, is thoroughly interested in the college work, and goes through his business with all his methods of proceeding open to the daily observation of the students. This gentleman cultivates the five hundred acres on his own account. Farm management by the collective understanding of a body corporate could scarcely pay. By a turnpike road that intersects the farm is another of the outlying buildings, the Veterinary Hospital, under the management of the veterinary professor. The college is obliged usually to buy instructive cases of disease. Farmers are more ready to kill cattle when they begin to sicken than to incur doctor's bills of, say, a couple of pounds apiece on their account; and if they have a sick horse they don't take very well to the notion of its being argued over in clinical lectures before sixty or seventy students. They have a mistaken dread, too, of the humour for experiment in scientific men, and fear lest, when they send a horse to be cured,

Dread feets shall follow, and disasters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet.

Still cases do come in the natural way for the safest and best treatment to be had in that part of the country, and the deficiency is made up by a discreet purchase of diseased beasts.

As to the farm, of its five hundred acres, forty acres are in pasture, the rest arable. The soil, which belongs to the Bath oolitic formation, is composed of clays, marls, limestones, and inferior brash, the last named and least valuable form of soil predominating. But the variations are so frequent that in a furrow of ten chains in length the plough will often pass through soil alternating from brash to rich loam, or it may be to a cold tenacious clay. There are twenty fields, varying in size from ten to fifty acres; two thirds of the land is handy to the farm buildings, the rest scattered, difficult of access, and with an irregular surface, costly therefore to cultivate. These differences of condition, which might vex a farmer who looked only to money profit from the land, are full of interest and information for the student who is well taught to observe.

The flock on the farm comprises two hundred and fifty breeding ewes, pure Cotswold; there are twelve milch cows, for the supply of college milk; nine carefully selected horses of the Clydesdale, Suffolk, and West Country breeds, and pigs, pure Berkshire. These are winning honours as prize takers. They have among them now, as far as prizes can bear witness to such a fact, the first pig of the

nation. He was the second; but the first is killed and cured, so that he is now without known rival as the great Lord Bacon of the day.

We paid a visit to this college a few weeks after the opening of its present session, went through it, dined with the students, and took a lesson with them in the laboratory upon a subject not, we believe, generally popular with the townspeople of Cirencester, water. Our visit was paid on the monthly live-stock market day, perhaps the best of its kind, as to quantity and value of stock, in the West of England. There we found, on one of the hottest baking days of this memorable baking year, in a newly constructed market, some three thousand sheep and oxen unprovided with a drop of water. Provision for water supply not only had formed no part of the architect's arrangement of the market, but seemed to have been disdained as low art. Cirencester itself is content with water from the same bed into which its drainage flows, though an ample supply of good water from the fuller's earth below, is pumped close by, for a canal, and at the service of the town if it will have it. But it won't. When men themselves are content with a little bad water, no wonder that beasts are believed not to require any. While the unfortunate animals in the Cirencester live-stock market were panting in the sun, a stream of clear water, the overflow of a lake in the adjacent park, was running along a pipe but a few feet under the surface of the market ground. Somebody had suggested that it would cost little to tap that pipe and put a pump over it. A stone tank had actually been given to receive the water so obtained. But no pump has been placed over the waste water pipe, and we saw close to a flock of thirsty sheep the stone tank contemptuously turned bottom upwards, dry in the dust under a sultry sun. After their day of thirst in the live-stock market, there is no road out of Cirencester that would bring those parched animals to a drinking place within a distance of some miles. A benevolent quaker in the town, merciful to other men's beasts, has done what he could to mitigate this evil by setting up a tank at his own door.

But the Agricultural College has wells of its own, and we heard nothing about the town water from its chemical professor. Remote from great cities, the professors of this college must be resident within its walls, and the ample building accordingly supplies rooms to a professor of chemistry and to his assistant; to professors of agriculture, of natural history, and of anatomy, physiology and hygiene, as well as a teacher of drawing, who is a certificated master from South Kensington. The professorship of mathematics and surveying is held by the principal, whose house, once alone on the farm, with walls built as if to stand a cannonade, is the only old part of the building. We found the students very much at home during the quarter of an hour—which did not seem a bad one—before dinner. Each has his own cell, and was hived in it, or buzzing

in upon a friend, or joining a small swarm in the library, a comfortable room freely supplied with books of reference and journals. The dinner in hall was plentiful and pleasant, as an English college dinner ought to be, and has a common English feature that will not be copied in the Cornell University, in its brew of college beer. In the United States beer is not given in any place of education, and it is said that no college authority would venture to introduce it. But might not the man be less ready to "liquor up" if the boy had formed wholesome acquaintance with John Barleycorn?

After dinner there were the museums to look at. Each professor lectures once a week in the museum itself on the specimens illustrating his subject. A museum, all alive and growing, is to be seen out of doors in the well-stocked botanical garden, with beds set apart for experimenting. The museums are remarkably well furnished with what is necessary for the illustration of the lectures. There is a herbarium containing three thousand specimens of British plants; there is a good series to illustrate geology and mineralogy, with many striking illustrations of the effect of soil or selection of seed upon produce. There is a fine set of wax models of every form of cultivated roots; there are samples of the seed of every plant used in English agriculture, and specimen plants of many varieties of important cereals. The excellent chemical collection also tells its facts to the eye in a striking manner. Thus, one case contains a series of articles of food produced by the farmer, separated into their constituents. Side by side the student sees in substantial bulk the relative proportions of water and of flesh and fat or heat-producing elements, in wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, and so forth. The percentage of water thus put for substantial comparison before the eye, looks very striking. A veteran, long past the pulpy time of youth, who gave up in his manhood wine for water, impressed by the fact here shown, has, in his age, left off drinking altogether, on the plea that his bread, meat, and vegetables contain quite as much water as he wants. Another fact that catches the eye immediately concerns another veteran, whom it will not be improper to name, Jack Sprat. Of this person it is said constantly that he could eat no fat. That is a popular delusion. For here is a mass showing how much fat there is in the lean of meat. Jack Sprat may have been himself under a delusion, but the truth is that neither he nor anybody else can eat the lean and not eat fat.

But, like the Cirencester market builders, we are forgetting the water. It so happened that on the day of our visit to the college the chemistry of water had been the subject of the chemistry professor's morning lecture, and the custom of the college is for the students to work out for themselves after dinner practically in the laboratory, what they had been taught theoretically in the lecture-room. This is the soundest way of teaching, but not always possible. At

the Agricultural College, a spacious airy laboratory, for elementary study, with a laboratory for advanced analyses and a professor's room, have been constructed out of an old barn. It has been thoroughly fitted up, each student has plenty of room for his own operations, and probably there is no place of education in the kingdom with a laboratory more convenient for its pupils, or for the professional analyses made by its chiefs. The work of the day was the analysis of water for organic matter, lime, and so forth. The different ways of testing could be copied into note books from a writing on the wall; the meaning of them was briefly and clearly told by the professor, and all requisite practical directions were at the same time given. Then the students set to work for themselves with their evaporating pans, their retorts and reagents, taking counsel of their teacher wherever they met with any difficulty.

So, too, the professor of natural history works at fit time with his students in the open country, and there is, by-the-by, a curious want of uniformity in the surface formation of the country about Cirencester, which makes this region a very convenient one for the out-door study of geology. The professor of agriculture takes his students about the farm. The veterinary professor has his hospital, and a capital series of casts showing the teeth of animals at different ages, preparations of diseased structure, and other delicacies. The principal, who is also professor of mathematics and surveying, goes abroad among his students with chain and theodolite. When a tree is felled in the park he teaches them to estimate the value of its timber. They apply under his direction mathematics to the measuring of haystacks, and at the annual valuation of the farm there is a prize for the valuation by a student which comes nearest to that made professionally.

Great attention is paid to the study of the true values of farm work and produce. At once, upon entering, each student begins farm book-keeping, and has punctually to post up the details of the college farm. In the second year this book-keeping takes a higher form, and becomes a scientific study. A book is given to the student showing among other things the size of every field, the successive crops it has grown, and a minute analysis of the soil. Blank leaves following the description of each field, are then to be filled up with a minute analysis of the form of work done on it, the number of hands, horses, time and money spent upon each detail of its cultivation, and a mathematical reference of each element in farm work to a fixed standard of value. There is so much to be learnt every day, and such strict testing of the amount learnt by weekly examinations—of which every student sees the result in a list of marks showing him how far he has failed or succeeded in his studies—that a short time at the Farm and College cannot be spent unprofitably by any one who thinks of coaxing bread and meat out of his mother earth.

Now here is the difficulty. Agriculture rightly

studied has become one of the liberal professions. At a dinner of the Royal Agricultural Society at Chester, Mr. Gladstone hardly exaggerated its real dignity when he spoke of it as an art "which of all others, perhaps, affords the most varied scope, and the largest sphere of development to the powers of the human mind." But it is not yet so taken by many; perhaps not by many even among the students of Cirencester. It combines, like medicine, practice with science, and for its right pursuit requires a preparation not many degrees less thorough. A volume called *Practice with Science* contains some lectures which have been given at Cirencester College. One is by the principal, upon Agricultural Education; and in this he combats the notion of the Royal Agricultural Society, that a well-educated farmer means a man who has learned Latin and Greek, and the notion of a member of the Central Farmers' Club, who argued that the college had placed the standard of qualification for its diploma too high, and that a two years' course of study was too long. "All that was necessary," said this objector, "was a sound knowledge of the principles of mathematics, chemistry, geology, botany, and veterinary surgery!" As if it did not cost a good part of a life to get a "sound knowledge" of any one of those little amusements. Still the notion that one may gather the fruits of study without climbing the tree is very common; and although the number of the Cirencester students who go steadily through the prescribed course and fairly earn the college diploma is increasing, it bears no proportion to the numbers that have come and gone every year, and to the pains taken to secure system and thoroughness in the machinery of education. The cost of this education is not more than has been found requisite to meet its unavoidable expenses. A farm cannot safely be undertaken with less capital than about eight pounds an acre, and a well cultivated brain is, as we said at starting, the best part of a farmer's estate, besides being (in this country) all of it freehold; yet the cost of acquiring it bears only a small proportion to the other costs of a safe start in English farming life. The English farmer cannot rise to the full height of the position made for him by the growth of science, until he receives a sound school training, valid in every part, and follows it up with a thorough training for his business. He should read and speak, not Greek and Latin, but two living languages besides his own, that he may be able to converse freely with farmers from abroad, and profit by their treatises and journals. But of the time taken from Latin and Greek the greater part should be spent in a particular cultivation of arithmetic and mathematics, and of the first principles of natural science. Then let him, at the age of sixteen, pass from school to the farm, and for the next year see and share in the work done upon it. So prepared let him go to the Cirencester College and work firmly through the two years' course. If he spend his time well he will

learn enough for his purpose, although even after he has taken his diploma he will feel that the two years' curriculum was all too short. His age now will be nineteen. Armed with exact scientific knowledge, which he has been taught how to apply to every detail of agriculture, let him proceed to work and watch for himself, during the next two years, on any large well managed farm, taking a salary, perhaps, for the assistance he can give. At the end of that term he has reached the age of one and twenty. It is his own fault then if he be not in his own profession, what his cousin who goes every October to his London hospital will hardly be till a couple of years later in life, a duly qualified practitioner. Their day may be long coming, but of some such sort must be the English farmers of a day to come.

DUTY.

If thou hast Yesterday thy duty done,
And thereby clear'd firm footing for To-day,
Whatever clouds make dark To-morrow's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.

THE RUFFIAN.

BY THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

I ENTERTAIN so strong an objection to the euphonious softening of Ruffian into Rough, which has lately become popular, that I restore the right word to the heading of this paper; the rather, as my object is to dwell upon the fact that the Ruffian is tolerated among us to an extent that goes beyond all unruffianly endurance. I take the liberty to believe that if the Ruffian besets my life, a professional Ruffian at large in the open streets of a great city, notoriously having no other calling than that of Ruffian, and of disquieting and despoiling me as I go peacefully about my lawful business, interfering with no one, then the Government under which I have the great constitutional privilege, supreme honour and happiness, and all the rest of it, to exist, breaks down in the discharge of any Government's most simple elementary duty.

What did I read in the London daily papers, in the early days of this last September? That the Police had "AT LENGTH SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING TWO OF THE NOTORIOUS GANG THAT HAVE SO LONG INFESTED THE WATERLOO-ROAD." Is it possible? What a wonderful Police! Here is a straight, broad, public thoroughfare of immense resort; half a mile long; gas-lighted by night; with a great gas-lighted railway station in it, extra the street lamps; full of shops; traversed by two popular cross thoroughfares of considerable traffic; itself the main road to the South of London; and the admirable Police have, after long infestation of this dark and lonely spot by a gang of Ruffians, actually got hold of two of them. Why, can it be doubted that any man of fair London knowledge and common resolution, armed with the powers of the Law, could have captured the whole confederacy in a week?

It is to the saving up of the Ruffian class by the Magistracy and Police—to the conventional preserving of them, as if they were Partridges—that their number and audacity must be in great part referred. Why is a notorious Thief and Ruffian ever left at large? He never turns his liberty to any account but violence and plunder, he never did a day's work out of jail, he never will do a day's work out of jail. As a proved notorious Thief he is always consignable to prison for three months. When he comes out, he is surely as notorious a Thief as he was when he went in. Then send him back again. "Just Heaven!" cries the Society for the protection of remonstrant Ruffians, "This is equivalent to a sentence of perpetual imprisonment!" Precisely for that reason it has my advocacy. I demand to have the Ruffian kept out of my way, and out of the way of all decent people. I demand to have the Ruffian employed, perforce, in hewing wood and drawing water somewhere for the general service, instead of hewing at her Majesty's subjects and drawing their watches out of their pockets. If this be termed an unreasonable demand, then the tax-gatherer's demand on me must be far more unreasonable, and cannot be otherwise than extortionate and unjust.

It will be seen that I treat of the Thief and Ruffian as one. I do so, because I know the two characters to be one, in the vast majority of cases, just as well as the Police know it. (As to the Magistracy, with a few exceptions, they know nothing about it but what the Police choose to tell them.) There are disorderly classes of men who are not thieves; as railway-navigators, brickmakers, wood-sawyers, costermongers. These classes are often disorderly and troublesome; but it is mostly among themselves, and at any rate they have their industrious avocations, they work early and late, and work hard. The generic Ruffian—honourable member for what is tenderly called the Rough Element—is either a Thief, or the companion of Thieves. When he infamously molests women coming out of chapel on Sunday evenings (for which I would have his back scarified often and deep) it is not only for the gratification of his pleasant instincts, but that there may be a confusion raised by which either he or his friends may profit, in the commission of highway robberies or in picking pockets. When he gets a police-constable down and kicks him helpless for life, it is because that constable once did his duty in bringing him to justice. When he rushes into the bar of a public-house and scoops an eye out of one of the company there, or bites his ear off, it is because the man he maims gave evidence against him. When he and a line of comrades extending across the footway—say of that solitary mountain-spur of the Abruzzi, the Waterloo Road—advance towards me, "skylarking" among themselves, my purse or shirt pin is in predestined peril from his playfulness. Always a Ruffian, always a Thief. Always a Thief, always a Ruffian.

Now, when I, who am not paid to know these

things, know them daily on the evidence of my senses and experience; when I know that the Ruffian never jostles a lady in the street, or knocks a hat off, but in order that the Thief may profit, is it surprising that I should require from those who are paid to know these things, prevention of them?

Look at this group at a street corner. Number one is a shirking fellow of five-and-twenty, in an ill-favoured and ill-savoured suit, his trousers of corduroy, his coat of some indiscernible ground-work for the deposition of grease, his neckerchief like an eel, his complexion like dirty dough, his mangy fur cap pulled low upon his beetle brows to hide the prison cut of his hair. His hands are in his pockets. He puts them there when they are idle, as naturally as in other people's pockets when they are busy, for he knows that they are not roughened by work, and that they tell a tale. Hence, whenever he takes one out to draw a sleeve across his nose—which is often, for he has weak eyes and a constitutional cold in his head—he restores it to its pocket immediately afterwards. Number two is a burly brute of five-and-thirty, in a tall stiff hat; is a composite as to his clothes of betting man and fighting man; is whiskered; has a staring pin in his breast, along with his right hand; has insolent and cruel eyes; large shoulders; strong legs, booted and tipped for kicking. Number three is forty years of age; is short, thick-set, strong, and bow-legged; wears knee cords and white stockings, a very long-sleeved waistcoat, a very large neckerchief doubled or trebled round his throat, and a crumpled white hat crowns his ghastly parchment face. This fellow looks like an executed postboy of other days, cut down from the gallows too soon, and restored and preserved by express diabolical agency. Numbers five, six, and seven, are hulking, idle, slouching young men, patched and shabby, too short in the sleeves and too tight in the legs, slimily clothed, foul-spoken, repulsive wretches inside and out. In all the party there obtains a certain twitching character of mouth and furtiveness of eye, that hints how the coward is lurking under the bully. The hint is quite correct, for they are a slinking sneaking set, far more prone to lie down on their backs and kick out, when in difficulty, than to make a stand for it. (This may account for the street mud on the backs of Numbers five, six, and seven, being much fresher than the stale splashes on their legs.)

These engaging gentry a Police-constable stands contemplating. His Station, with a Reserve of assistance, is very near at hand. They cannot pretend to any trade, not even to be porters or messengers. It would be idle if they did, for he knows them, and they know that he knows them, to be nothing but professed Thieves and Ruffians. He knows where they resort, knows by what slang names they call one another, knows how often they have been in prison, and how long, and for what. All this is

known at his Station, too, and is (or ought to be) known at Scotland Yard, too. But does he know, or does his Station know, or does Scotland Yard know, or does anybody know, why these fellows should be here at liberty, when, as reputed Thieves to whom a whole Division of Police could swear, they might all be under lock and key at hard labour? Not he; truly he would be a wise man if he did! He only knows that these are members of the "notorious gang," which, according to the newspaper Police-office reports of this last past September, "have so long infested" the awful solitudes of the Waterloo Road, and out of which almost impregnable fastnesses the Police have at length dragged Two, to the unspeakable admiration of all good civilians.

The consequences of this contemplative habit on the part of the Executive—a habit to be looked for in a hermit, but not in a Police System—are familiar to us all. The Ruffian becomes one of the established orders of the body politic. Under the playful name of Rough (as if he were merely a practical joker) his movements and successes are recorded on public occasions. Whether he mustered in large numbers, or small; whether he was in good spirits, or depressed; whether he turned his generous exertions to very prosperous account, or Fortune was against him; whether he was in a sanguinary mood, or robbed with amiable horse play and a gracious consideration for life and limb; all this is chronicled as if he were an Institution. Is there any city in Europe, out of England, in which these terms are held with the pests of Society? Or in which, at this day, such violent robberies from the person are constantly committed as in London?

The Preparatory Schools of Ruffianism are similarly borne with. The young Ruffians of London—not Thieves yet, but training for scholarships and fellowships in the Criminal Court Universities—molest quiet people and their property, to an extent that is hardly credible. The throwing of stones in the streets has become a dangerous and destructive offence, which surely could have got to no greater height though we had had no Police but our own riding-whips and walking-sticks—the Police to which I myself appeal on these occasions. The throwing of stones at the windows of railway carriages in motion—an act of wanton wickedness with the very Arch-Fiend's hand in it—had become a crying evil, when the railway companies forced it on Police notice. Constabular contemplation had until then been the order of the day.

Within these twelve months, there arose among the young gentlemen of London aspiring to Ruffianism, and cultivating that much encouraged social art, a facetious cry of "I'll have this!" accompanied with a clutch at some article of a passing lady's dress. I have known a lady's veil to be thus humourously torn from her face and carried off in the open streets at noon; and I have had the honour of myself giving chase, on Westminster Bridge, to another

young Ruffian, who, in full daylight early on a summer evening, had nearly thrown a modest young woman into a swoon of indignation and confusion, by his shameful manner of attacking her with this cry as she harmlessly passed along before me. MR. CARLYLE, some time since, awakened a little pleasantry by writing of his own experience of the Ruffian of the streets. I have seen the Ruffian act, in exact accordance with Mr. Carlyle's description, innumerable times, and I never saw him checked.

The blaring use of the very worst language possible, in our public thoroughfares—especially in those set apart for recreation—is another disgrace to us, and another result of constabular contemplation, the like of which I have never heard in any other country to which my uncommercial travels have extended. Years ago, when I had a near interest in certain children who were sent with their nurses, for air and exercise, into the Regent's Park, I found this evil to be so abhorrent and horrible there, that I called public attention to it, and also to its contemplative reception by the Police. Looking afterwards into the newest Police Act, and finding that the offence was punishable under it, I resolved, when striking occasion should arise, to try my hand as prosecutor. The occasion arose soon enough, and I ran the following gauntlet.

The utterer of the base coin in question, was a girl of seventeen or eighteen, who, with a suitable attendance of blackguards, youths and boys, was flaunting along the streets, returning from an Irish funeral, in a Progress interspersed with singing and dancing. She had turned round to me and expressed herself in the most audible manner, to the great delight of that select circle. I attended the party, on the opposite side of the way, for a mile further, and then encountered a Police constable. The party had made themselves merry at my expense until now, but seeing me speak to the constable, its male members instantly took to their heels, leaving the girl alone. I asked the constable did he know my name? Yes, he did. "Take that girl into custody, on my charge, for using bad language in the streets." He had never heard of such a charge. I had. Would he take my word that he should get into no trouble? Yes, sir, he would do that. So he took the girl, and I went home for my Police Act.

With this potent instrument in my pocket, I literally as well as figuratively, "returned to the charge," and presented myself at the Police Station of the district. There, I found on duty a very intelligent Inspector (they are all intelligent men), who, likewise, had never heard of such a charge. I showed him my clause, and we went over it together twice or thrice. It was plain, and I engaged to wait upon the suburban Magistrate to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

In the morning, I put my Police Act in my pocket again, and waited on the suburban Magistrate. I was not quite so courteously received by him as I should have been by The

Lord Chancellor or The Lord Chief Justice, but that was a question of good breeding on the suburban Magistrate's part, and I had my clause ready with its leaf turned down. Which was enough for me.

Conference took place between the Magistrate and clerk, respecting the charge. During conference I was evidently regarded as a much more objectionable person than the prisoner;—one giving trouble by coming there voluntarily, which the prisoner could not be accused of doing. The prisoner had been got up, since I last had the pleasure of seeing her, with a great effect of white apron and straw bonnet. She reminded me of an elder sister of Red Riding Hood, and I seemed to remind the sympathising Chimney Sweep by whom she was attended, of the Wolf.

The Magistrate was doubtful, Mr. Uncommercial Traveller, whether this charge could be entertained. It was not known. Mr. Uncommercial Traveller replied that he wished it were better known, and that, if he could afford the leisure, he would use his endeavours to make it so. There was no question about it, however, he contended. Here was the clause.

The clause was handed in, and more conference resulted. After which I was asked the extraordinary question: "Mr. Uncommercial, do you really wish this girl to be sent to prison?" To which I grimly answered, staring: "If I didn't, why should I take the trouble to come here?" Finally, I was sworn, and gave my agreeable evidence in detail, and White Riding Hood was fined ten shillings, under the clause, or sent to prison for so many days. "Why, Lord bless you, Sir," said the Police-officer, who showed me out, with a great enjoyment of the jest of her having been got up so effectively, and caused so much hesitation: "If she goes to prison, that will be nothing new to her. She comes from Charles-street, Drury-lane!"

The Police, all things considered, are an excellent force, and I have borne my small testimony to their merits. Constabular contemplation is the result of a bad system; a system which is administered, not invented, by the man in constable's uniform, employed at twenty shillings a week. He has his orders, and would be marked for discouragement if he over-stepped them. That the system is bad, there needs no lengthened argument to prove, because the fact is self-evident. If it were anything else, the results that have attended it, could not possibly have come to pass. Who will say that under a good system, our streets could have got into their present state?

The objection to the whole Police system, as concerning the Ruffian, may be stated, and its failure exemplified, as follows. It is well known that on all great occasions, when they come together in numbers, the mass of the English people are their own trustworthy Police. It is well known that wheresoever there is collected together any fair general representation of the people, a respect for law

and order, and a determination to discountenance lawlessness and disorder, may be relied upon. As to one another, the people are a very good Police, and yet are quite willing in their good nature that the stipendiary Police should have the credit of the people's moderation. But we are all of us powerless against the Ruffian, because we submit to the law, and it is his only trade, by superior force and by violence, to defy it. Moreover, we are constantly admonished from high places (like so many Sunday-school children out for a holiday of buns and milk-and-water) that we are not to take the law into our own hands, but are to hand our defence over to it. It is clear that the common enemy to be punished and exterminated first of all, is the Ruffian. It is clear that he is, of all others, the offender for whose repression we maintain a costly system of Police. Him, therefore, we expressly present to the Police to deal with, conscious that, on the whole, we can, and do, deal reasonably well with one another. Him the Police deal with so inefficiently and absurdly that he flourishes, and multiplies, and, with all his evil deeds upon his head as notoriously as his hat is, pervades the streets with no more let or hindrance than ourselves.

LEAVES FROM THE MAHOGANY TREE.

THE GLORIOUS VINTAGE OF CHAMPAGNE!

A FEW years ago, a certain German painter of "still life" acquired a reputation by his skill in depicting long taper glasses newly filled with sparkling wine. It was of a delicious golden straw colour, and through it rose a swift little sparkling fountain of bright beady bubbles, rushing upward like a swarm of fairies. There they were, ever gushing up to the creaming surface, yet fixed on the instant while darting aloft by the magic skill of the Rhenish painter. It was as good as having a glass of Sillery, to look at that picture; two looks and a biscuit should have been enough for any reasonable person's lunch. The rector of the University of Beauvais, whom the merchants of Rheims crowned with laurel as a proof of their gratitude, sang of champagne as

CUPID'S GIFT.

The laughing wine unprison,
The wine with the daybreak's gleam,
The wine that sparkles and dances
With a fountain's gushing stream;
The wine that chases sorrow
From the heart of toil and woe;
'Twas Cupid's gift to Psyche
In the ages long ago.

Hark to the soft susurrus,
'Tis the sound of the summer tide,
When waves melt all to music
On golden shores, sun dyed.
'Tis love's own sweet elixir,
Stolen from Jove, we know,
To fairest Psyche given
In the ages long ago.

The wine in Champagne planted
Was the gift of the laughing god;
Its matchless power and savour
Came from no earthly clod.
'Tis a spell to banish sadness,
The best the wise men know;
Bright Cupid's gift to Psyche
In the ages long ago.

Slightly flat, rather wanting in body, a little too classical, and with as much no meaning as ever song had; but still pretty well for a doctor of Beauvais University, with the unfortunate name of Coffin. And, considering that it was penned in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth by an old doctor of civil law, who knew more of Justinian, we warrant, than of Ovid's Art of Love, it may perhaps pass muster.

The wine of Epernay and Hautvilliers was drunk freely through the helmet barred, before the fifteenth century. The knights who rode beside Joan of Arc, and who played at cards with Charles the Simple, had quaffed Champagne, and not without approval. In the fifteenth century, the wine of Ay met with approval. Not very long after the public approval, the kings of Europe entered the vineyards of Champagne and appropriated and sealed up all the casks they could lay their royal hands on. They knew what was good, but they could not keep the secret.

"In 1328, Rheims wine," says Mr. Cyrus Redding, who knows France well, and has written much on the French wine trade, "Rheims wine (Champagne) fetched ten livres only, while Beaune fetched twenty-eight." In 1559 people had become more educated. The Reformation had opened people's eyes. Champagne was then dearer than average Burgundy. In 1561, public enlightenment went on. Champagne rose as the world advanced. In 1571, Champagne was eight times its original value; so we must presume that all this time the cultivation of the Champagne wine was improving, and the art of pressing the grape improving too.

Champagne was much appreciated by Mr. Froude's fat friend, Henry the Eighth; he and Francis the First, equally admired it. Leo the Tenth, drank papally of it; nor did long-headed Charles the Fifth (rather a gourmand, even in his last moments, as Mr. Stirling has shown) neglect the most delicious secret of Bacchus. Wise potentates! They had, each of them, a commissioner at Ay: four men who spent their lives in watching the grapes.

In the year 1397, Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, came to France under pretence of negotiating a treaty with Charles the Sixth. He reached the fatal city of Rheims, famous for its cathedral — and its Champagne. The great Bohemian drank, and got drunk. He drank again, and got drunk again. To quote the old negro's excuse, "the same old drink" held him day after day. He never got sober any more; he remained soaked in Champagne, forgot all about Bohemia, all about the treaty, all about Charles the Sixth and the disputed claims, all about everything, but drank until he saw a bill

that sobered him and terrified him into departure.

In the year 1610, Champagne met with great approval (especially as the wine was given away—some people, like Sheridan, can take any *given* quantity) at the coronation of Louis the Thirteenth. Thenceforth it became the king, or the queen, of French wines. Champagne was crowned with Louis the Thirteenth, and of the two, Champagne made the better monarch.

In the history of all success there is a period when malice, jealousy, and rivalry stand at bay, and bear down on their enemy for a last determined struggle. Champagne had to bear this final charge of the imperial guard of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. The French doctors of medicine began, in 1652, a discussion on the sanatory and injurious effects of Champagne, which never ended until 1778. Doctors were born, grew up, and died, and so did their patients; and still, while the world let the corks fly gaily, reckless of all consequences, the inexhaustible doctors went on shaking their periwigged heads, doubtful, very doubtful, whether Champagne did or did not injure the nerves and produce gout. At last a verdict was pronounced. *Æsculapius* adopted the wine, and branded it as safe thenceforth for ever. It has been brandied since by non-*Æsculapians*, but it has not become the safer for that. Then broke out its eulogists into a flood of praise. Venner declared that it excelled all wines, and ought to be reserved for himself and the peers and princes of France. Beaudius even declared it "*vinum Dei*."

We all know a glass of good dry Champagne. It is indeed what Dr. Druitt sensibly calls "a true stimulant to mind and body, rapid, volatile, transitory, and harmless." It should be firm and clear, says the doctor, with high grapy bouquet and flavour, which survives the charming tide of effervescence. It should be lighter and sweeter than dry Sillery, and should have a slight pineapple aroma. It should slightly cream on the surface, not froth; and should send up bright, clear, sparkling bubbles of carbonic acid gas. The inimitable aroma should leave an agreeable memory on the palate.—In fact, it should be as unlike what you generally get, as possible.

The Champagne vine grows in the departments of the Ardennes, the Marne, the Aube, and the Haute Marne. The best wine comes from the Marne—"the vineyards of the river," as they are called. This district the vine-growers divide into four divisions—the river, the mountain of Rheims, the estate of St. Thierry, and the valleys of Norrois and Tardenois.

In the first-class of champagne stands Sillery, pale amber, with dry taste, rich body, and fine bouquet. The best is the *Vin du Roi*, grown in the vineyards of Verzenay and Mailly, which stud the north-eastern slopes of a chain of hills that separate the Marne from the Vesle. These vineyards formerly belonged to the Marquis de

Sillery, who has thus delightfully immortalised his name. The wine was long known as the wine de la Marechale, from the Marechale d'Estrées, who watched over its careful manufacture; but the marquis has long since ungallantly expelled the memory of la Marechale. Sillery is allowed to be the most spirituous and choice, besides being the strongest, most durable, and most wholesome, of the Champagne wines. It is unquestionably the highest manifestation of the divinity of Bacchus in all France. Ay scatters its vines down a calcareous declivity, open to the south, and casting green shadows of its clustering leaves on the waters of the Marne. The district extends from Bisseuil to the borders of the department of Aisne. The still and creaming Ay wines when made well, and in a good year, are supreme. The still, as usual with this class of wines, is the best. They are consumed in Paris and London, but not in America. Mareuil comes next, and Pierry, which produces a drier wine that keeps better than Ay. A slightly flinty taste marks Pierry. Then follow Dizy and Epernay, which are sometimes equal, sometimes inferior to, Ay. The "Closet" wines of Epernay hold their own with those of Ay.

The second-class Champagnes comprise those of Hautvilliers (nine miles from Rheims); these Champagnes formerly ranked high, but have now degenerated, or are less carefully made. Then come the wines of Cramant, Avize, Oger, and Ménil, all near Epernay, and all made of white grapes, which are much used to give stability to the wines of Ay.

In the third-class come lesser sorts, Chouilly, Monthelon, Grauve, Mancy, and other vineyards near Rheims. The first two classes are bearable, the rest have no body unless mixed.

The effervescing wines are seldom mixed. None of the white wines can be mixed except with the growth of neighbouring districts, but with the red they do anything. The best of the red is the Clos, or St. Thierry, which has a Burgundy and Champagne quality blended. The mountain wines (little known in England), Verzy, Verzenay, and Mailly, are of good quality. Bouzy has a particularly delicate flavour, and Mont-Sougeon will keep well for forty years.

The grey wine is obtained by treading the grapes for a quarter of an hour before they go to press. For the pink they tread still longer, but the rose coloured Rheims wines (always inferior) are made by a tinge of very strong red wine, or by cream of tartar, and a liquor of elderberries manufactured at Fromes.

The best red wines are fit to use, the second year, but they will keep well for six or seven. The ordinary Champagnes are in perfection the third year of bottling. The best wines gain in delicacy for from ten to twenty years, and are often found good even at thirty and forty.

Good Champagne did not drop from the clouds nor flow from the rocks. It was produced by hard labour, patient skill, and deep observation. In the first place, the Champagne soil is special,

and cannot be imitated. The favoured vine grows on calcareous declivities where the chalk is mixed with flints. Every process of manufacture is conducted with a thoughtful care, of which Burgundy ought to be ashamed. Black grapes are used for the best white sparkling and foaming Champagnes. The fruit is picked at sunrise, while the dew is still glistening on the bunches and pearly on the crimson and yellowing leaves. The foggiest vintage weather, the better the fermentation goes. Black grapes are found to resist the frost and rains of vintage time, better than the white. They are picked with minute care and patience, almost one by one; every rotten or unripe berry, every berry frost-bitten, bird-pecked, wasp-eaten, or bruised, is trodden under foot, as worse than useless. In gathering the fruit, in emptying the baskets, in carting them to the press, all rapid motion is avoided, and they are placed in the cool shade. They are then spread carefully on the press and crushed rapidly, but only for an hour. Each pressing has its own name and forms a specific quality. The precious juice is removed from the vats, early on the following day, and poured into sulphured puncheons. Soon after Christmas, the fermentation being over, on the first dry frosty day, the wine is racked; a month after, it is racked again and fined with isinglass; and before it is bottled it is again racked and fined. By the month of March, it is all in bottles, and six weeks afterwards it becomes brisk. The sediment that collects in the neck of the horizontal bottles, has then to be removed by taking out the corks and adding fresh wine. This entails a great loss; in fact, an irritable Champagne wine merchant, would soon lose his senses, his loss is so perpetual. In July and August, the five hundred or six hundred thousand bottles that M. Moët stores in his limestone caverns at Epernay, fly and shatter by dozens, and the workmen have to go down with wire masks on, to try and stop the popular effervescence. The great brittle piles, six feet high, will sometimes burst and explode, whole hills of them, in a week: sending the Champagne in floods over the floors, or cascading their sounder brethren. Then, the closing the bottles by clinking them together and rejecting every one that has too long or too short a neck, or that has even a suspicious air bubble in its thin green walls, is also expensive. Costly, too, and dangerous is the mode of corking, by sharply striking the cork: the bottle at the time being placed on a stool covered with sheet lead.

From beginning to end, the manufacture of this wine is precarious and complicated, nor can we wonder that many respectable merchants at Rheims never sell it under three francs a bottle, however plentiful the vintage. It may well reach a high price before it comes on our tables.

An average Champagne vintage produces, Mr. Redding informs us, forty million nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand and thirty-three and three-quarters gallons, from one hun-

dred and thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy acres of vines. The merchants of Paris and Meaux take nearly all the growth of the Epernay arrondissement. In 1836 France consumed six hundred and twenty-six thousand bottles. The export was then reported at—England and East Indies, four hundred and sixty-seven thousand bottles; Germany, four hundred and seventy-nine thousand; America, four hundred thousand; Russia, two hundred and eighty thousand; and Sweden and Denmark, thirty thousand.

We have already shown that pink Champagne is a mistake, a mere poetical fancy. We must now repeat an old warning—the briskest and frothiest Champagne is never the best. The brisk wines are always defective in vinous quality; the small portion of alcohol they have, passes off in the froth, and the aroma with it. Humboldt proved this by collecting Champagne froth under a bell-glass, surrounded with ice. The alcohol instantly became condensed on the sides of the vessel.

The reason why Champagne sometimes plays old Gooseberry with us, is because it contains so much of young Gooseberry. Bad Champagne tastes of brown sugar-candy and brandy. For the French and Americans, the foreign wine doctors add one-fifth of wine and syrup; for the fiery Englishman, who will swallow anything, one-tenth of brandy and syrup.

They also (the treacherous villains), use capillaire, Madeira, Kirsch, and strawberry syrup. Nay, the Americans have actually made Champagne from petroleum. As there is but one positively good vintage to six ordinary or bad vintages, it is necessary, the rascals of Rheims believe, to sugar-candy and brandy the acrid and weak wine that the sun has frowned upon, and in the language of the trade "bring it up to the mark." And here we have one answer to the question, What is a mock sun?

THE JUBILEE AT BONN.

In August last, the University of Bonn celebrated the jubilee of its foundation. It was the close of the academical year, and all the living children of the university were called together to greet each other in honour of their common mother. From Berlin came the Crown Prince, and other personages of state who, like him, had studied at Bonn; from Ems, the King; and from every corner of Germany, innumerable representatives of bygone generations of students. From the more ancient universities of Germany, came the most distinguished of the professors, as deputations to greet their young sister of the Rhine.

The festival was to commence on Saturday, and continue until the following Wednesday. On Saturday, Bonn was full of visitors. Bonn is the very model of a university town. It is not an offshoot of the university; it has a being of its own, but subordinated to the wants of the great seat of learning to which at present

it owes its chief glory. Its handsome streets are free from the bustle of a great trading city, but yet are full of large and well furnished shops. Though one of the largest and most ancient of the Rhine cities, there is no trace of wretchedness or squalor in it. Everywhere is an air of quiet, easy, artistic industry, well according with the neighbourhood of a seat of learning. On this occasion there was bustle enough, but pervading it all, a unity and an absence of confusion, particularly agreeable. Every inhabitant of Bonn entered into the spirit of the celebration, and did his or her best towards it. Every street was gay with a multitude of flags, their infinite variety of colour contrasting with the pure white of the house fronts. Innumerable garlands, around balcony, window, and door, diffused an air of freshness abroad.

The students of the university were, of course, at the heart of all the out-door celebrations. The ordinary student life supplied ready machinery for organising the displays. Most of the students belong to clubs which are either Corps or Verbindungen. All the members of these associations wear caps of various bright colours, red, or mauve, or blue, or green, according to the colour of the corps; while the high officers of the body are arrayed in the full dress of the old student period, when it was the privilege of the students to use swords against the staves of the townsmen. The corps have somewhat of a military organisation, and on these festive occasions bear the palm from their more philosophical rivals, who are above—or below—such vanities as uniforms and bright colours. The procession of the corps came off in the evening, when all the strangers were supposed to have arrived, and the decorations for the next four days to be complete. The rich colours of the flags, the bright uniforms of the students, the joyous music, the universal good-humour, and over all the mellow light of an August sunset, gave a pleasant foretaste of the spectacles to come.

A large portion of Sunday was devoted to special services in honour of the occasion, in the churches of the different religious denominations; and in the afternoon to solemn speech-making within the university. But towards evening the students and the townspeople betook themselves to other enjoyments. The great green in front of the university buildings, had been surrounded by poles bearing garlands for the day time and Chinese lanterns for the night. At each of the four corners of this space, was a cask of beer, large enough to make one reflect that Diogenes might not have had so very cramped a dwelling after all. But the contents of the cask, not the cask, interested the crowd; and from morn until midnight the drinking, and the feasting, and the music were continual. Uproar or riot there was none, and this was the assemblage of the populace only. The students and their friends had their meeting in the gardens of an hotel close by. These gardens are large, and

run down to the bank of the Rhine. Two of the best Prussian military bands played in turn, in different corners of the gardens; admirable concerts were given by parties of students. There was many a group of white-haired old fellows toasting each other, or singing hand in hand with all the excitement of boyhood. The drinking was prodigious; many parties of students who either could not find a seat, or preferred seeing their friends, dispensed with glasses altogether, and paraded about, each with a bottle, stopping at the end of a verse to take a full draught. As the bottles were emptied—and this was not a tedious process—they were tossed into the flower-beds, from which the waiters collected them in baskets. The arrival of the Crown Prince actually evoked something like a cheer, singularly different from the monotonous wail with which a German crowd usually express their enthusiasm. By eleven o'clock the majority seemed to have drunk quite enough; but still here, as in the popular assemblage outside, there was no rioting. Everybody was in good-humour, and took everything in good part. And now, before the assemblage dispersed, it was delightful to steal to the edge of the terrace, and, looking away from the garden, with its Chinese lanterns and fireworks, its music and merry occupants, to see the broad Rhine, flowing peacefully below. The moon had just risen over the Seven Mountains, and shed her calm cold light on the exquisite outline and broad expanse of water, a vision of silent beauty, in charming contrast with the lively scene.

To enjoy these drinking parties thoroughly, one must be a student, or at least a German; but no such condition was necessary to the full appreciation of the torchlight processions on the following evening, or the illumination of the Rhine, with which the festival concluded. The procession was shared in by all the students of the university. They started, at about nine o'clock, from the university, and, going round the town, came into the market-place through one of the old narrow picturesque streets. As the procession streamed along, the lurid flare of the torches lighted up the innumerable banners which fluttered, in every variety of hue, from roof to window. The chief officers of the various corps rode on horseback, in their gaudy quaint dresses; and frequent bands drowned the murmured cheers of the crowd.

But the holiday makers had wisely determined to turn their great natural glory, the Rhine, to the best account. For the last night, preparations were made on the most extensive scale. The university and municipality bestowed liberal sums on all the villages on the banks, from Bonn up to lovely Rolandseck. At the latter place the illuminations began, and thither, after sunset, in numerous steamers, went all the sight-seeing world of Bonn and Cologne. The fireworks at Rolandseck were abundant, and about as disappointing as fireworks usually are. But, as the boats turned back towards Bonn, a much finer spectacle lay before them. Magnusian

light was used, with the best effect, to illuminate the churches and castles and other prominent objects on either bank. On the Rolandseck side, the hills were lighted, from the water's edge to the summit. Opposite towered the Drachenfels, with its wooded sides in complete darkness. On the summit alone, the ruins blazed with the red light of Cingalese fire. The quaint outline of the ruin, the unnatural glare of the red light, the sombre majesty of the dark woods beneath, recalled the old legend of the dragon and his dishes of maid's flesh. From Königswinter to Beul, a distance of nearly eight miles, the illumination was complete. On the water's edge, burned immense bonfires at regular intervals. Every little rising ground, every church and mansion, was illuminated by the magnesian light. The broad lake-like expanse of the waters, mirrored the fires on either bank. The vessels steamed gently on, without lights, but all carrying bands of music. In the darkness of the night the quick flash and deep boom of the firing from every village, considerably heightened the general effect of the illumination.

But, after all, the principal charm of this festival for a stranger was the occasional glimpses it gave him of a warmhearted and æsthetic people in the height of enjoyment and good humour. Now, there was a party of the officers of the corps in their fantastic array, strutting through the streets exulting in the admiration of the shop girls. Then there was some meeting between old and distinguished alumni of the university: their grave intellectual faces lighted up with the memory of the old time when they were students together. Now, the market place was deserted, and all had betaken themselves to the various inns for the one o'clock dinner. The passers-by in the bright hot sunshine, heard nothing but the buzz of conversation and the clink of glasses, as the holiday-makers drank to each other, with the shutters nearly closed to keep out the sun. The stillness was suddenly broken by the rattle of wheels and the sound of music. A party of students returning to dinner from a country excursion, to make their entry with proper effect, had picked up a barrel-organ. The performer stood on the coach box beside the driver, and ground away. With tremendous speed they rattled over the pavement and made the circuit of the monument in the centre of the market-place. In a moment the windows were opened, and greetings exchanged. The students within, crowded the windows, with glasses filled to the brim, which, with marvellous dexterity, they handed down to the new comers without spilling a drop. Then there was clinking of glasses, shouting and laughter, and the organ man ground away as if it were the last moment of his existence. The glasses were emptied, the organ and coach discharged, the new arrivals disappeared into the hotel, and all was quiet again.

What the kings of Prussia have done for Bonn, and what Bonn has done and intends yet

to do for Deutschland, was set forth in many orations during these days both within and without the university. All this may be learned from various sources. Infinitely more valuable to the beholder was the view this celebration gave him of the true spirit of German festivity, of its genuine jollity and heartiness, of its sustained capacity of enjoyment, which never wearied, and yet never degenerated into riot or debauchery.

FAR WESTERN JUDGES AND JURIES.

In the United States (and indeed also in Canada) there is no distinction between barrister and attorney, and, in the newer settlements, to become either requires little study. It used to be said that in some parts of Oregon all a man had to do to be admitted an attorney was to go round for some time with a law book under his arm, and talk "constitootion" in front of "grocery" doors. A gentleman of Oregon gave me a copy of a legal document, preserved in the archives of Marion County, Oregon, and written by an attorney (I knew the man) regularly licensed to practise. It is a demurrer to a complaint in an action, in which Marion County is the plaintiff and one G. B. Wagnon defendant, brought for the recovery of a fine for violating a statute in the disposition of estray animals. Part of it runs precisely thus:

"And now comes G B Wagnon the Defnat in the a Bove Sute or Cause And files a Demworer and says that the plaintiff Should not have Nor maintain his Action a Gainst Said Defanant for the following says there is not that plain and concise Statement of the facts constituting the cause of action as there is no De Scription of Cauller markes, nor Brands nor by hoom appraysed

"and further Says that he was not Seerved with a certified copy of said Complamt therefore the Defenant prays this honorable Cort to Dis mss the a Bove Sute this 8th day of December 1859"

Another attorney delivered a famous defence of a man who was caught in the act of stealing a hank of cotton yarn. It ran something like this:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, do you think my client Thomas Flinn, off Muddy Creek and the Big Willamette, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' cotting yarn? Gentlemen of the Jury, I reckon not, I s'pose not. By no manner of means, gentlemen, not at all! He are not guilty! TOM FLINN? Good heavings! Gentlemen, you all know Tom Flinn, and, on honour, now, gentlemen, do you think he'd do it? No, gentlemen! I s'pose not—I reckon not. THOMAS FLINN? Why" (warming up with virtuous indignation) "why, great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek and a hoss to let! And" (insinuatingly) "do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' cotting yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not.

I s'pose not! When the wolves was a howling, gentlemen, on the mountings of Oregon, and the milishy was a fighting of the Injins on Rogue River, do you think, gentlemen, my client, Thomas Plinn, *Esq.*, could be guilty o' hookin'—yes, hookin', gentlemen—that pitiful, low, mean, hank o' cotting yarn? Onpossible! Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, Mr. Thomas Plinn. He's got the fastest nag, and the purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and the Big Willamette! That, gentlemen, *are* a fact. Yes, gentlemen, that *are* a fact. You kin just bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you kin just bet your bones on that! Now, 'pon honour, gentlemen, do you think he *are* guilty? Gentlemen, I reckon—I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen" (indignantly, beginning to believe it himself), "my client, Mr. Thomas Plinn, am no more guilty of stealin' that aer hank o' cotting yarn than a toad has got a tail. Yes, a tail, gentlemen! Than a toad has got a tail!" Verdict for defendant, case dismissed, and court adjourned to whisky up at late prisoner's expense.

Little as such law may be worth, it is surprising with what alacrity a young community of miners or backwoodsmen will attempt to form some organisation for the preservation of order according to law, and how naturally they proceed to elect a magistrate or "Judge" out of their number. This desire proceeds in part from a wish to preserve order, and in part from the all engrossing passion for voting, holding "conventions," and "caucusses," and electing somebody to hold some office or other, with the usual amount of speechifying and drinking.

An old gentleman, with whom I passed many pleasant evenings on the Walls of Panama in days gone by, described to me his recollection of a court-room in a western state. It was a rough log building with a bar of unhewn timber stretched across it. This was the bar of justice. Behind it was a table with a jar of molasses, a bottle of vinegar, and a jug of water to make "switchel" for the court.

Time ten A.M. Enter Sheriff. Judge (who is paring his corns after the manner of the venerable Judge McAlmond, of San Francisco, who was in the habit of paring his corns while the business of the court was going on, and generally sat with his heels tilted up in front of him): "Wal, Mr. Sheriff, do you think we'll get a jury to-day?"

"Neow, judge, jury-men are rather scarce to-day; but I've got eleven men coralled under a black walnut tree outside, and my niggers are hunting down a twelfth. I reckon we'll have a jury in about half an hour."

And so the sheriff proceeds to liquor, and the judge continues paring his corns until the court opens.

I was assured by a former chief justice of one of the states on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, that the first grand jury he ever charged were sitting on the prairie under a tree, and there was not a man of them that had on any other foot gear but mocassins. And I know

a judge who, in the earlier days of California, when everybody was "bound to make money," sat on the bench in the morning, mined during the day, and played the fiddle in a whisky shop at night. The county judge of Madison county, in Washington territory, does (or did) "run" the "gang saw" in the Port Madison mills.

In these judges we often find the notion of law not very defined, though (which is more important) that of equity is strong. A most notorious "rowdy," from New England, who had escaped the law several times, was at last captured in the act of smashing the interior of a Chinese house of ill fame, in the little village of Eureka, in North California. Evidence against him was rather weak, and it was feared he would again escape. But when the prisoner was brought into court, his honour burst upon him with a tirade of abuse: "E-e-h! Ye long, leathern, lantern-jawed, Yankee cuss, we've ketched you, e-e-h, at last? I'll commit him at once!"

"But, judge," whispered the clerk, "you'll have to hear the evidence."

"Evidence be blowed!" was the rejoinder. "Wasn't I thar, and see'd it all myself?"

Judge P. was holding a term of the district court in the village of Corvallis, in the then territory of Oregon. His court was held in a common log house, with a large open fireplace, and a few rough heavy benches, that had never known plane. An indictment was found against one Charley Sandborn for selling whisky at retail, although he had no licence. He stood at one side of the fireplace with his hands deep in his pockets; the judge sat upon the end of a school bench on the other side of the fire. When required to plead guilty or not guilty, Charley threw himself on the mercy of the court. The judge then sentenced him to pay the lowest fine and costs. At the close of the sentence, by way of personal palliation, his lordship remarked, "that while it was the duty of the court to enforce the laws as it found them on the statute book, the person of the court was not inimical to men who sold whisky."

There is in Idaho territory a judge who is well known as "Alec Smith." A woman brought suit in his court for divorce, and had the discernment to select a particular friend of her own, who stood well with the judge, as her attorney. One morning the judge called up the case, and addressing himself to the attorney for the complainant, said: "Mr. H., I don't think people ought to be compelled to live together where they don't want to, and I will decree a divorce in this case." Mr. H. bowed blandly. Thereupon the judge, turning to another attorney, whom he took to be the counsel for the defendant, said: "Mr. M., I suppose you have no objection to the decree?" Mr. M. nodded assent. But the attorney for the defendant was another Mr. M., not then in court. Presently he came in, and finding that his client had been divorced without a hearing, began to remonstrate. Alec listened a moment,

then interrupted, saying: "Mr. M., it is too late. The court has pronounced the decree of divorce, and the parties are no longer man and wife. But if you want to argue the case, right bad, the court can marry them over again and give you a crack at it."

I was at Clear Lake, when an Irishman, named Jerry McCarthy, was tried in the county court on a charge of whipping his wife. A point of law was raised by the attorney for the defence as to the admissibility of certain evidence offered by the district attorney, "Judge" J. H. Thompson (for it is "judge" once, "judge" always), and the court called upon the attorney to produce his authorities to sustain his position. The attorney being rather slow in finding the law in point, the court, just as he had found it, and was rising to read it, ruled that the evidence was not admissible. "The deuce you do!" hallooed the district attorney. "Say, judge, I read you the law, and bet you a thousand dollars I'm right." "I'll send you to jail for twenty-four hours for contempt of court!" cried the judge. "Send to jail and be hanged!" cried the district attorney. "I know my rights, and intend to maintain them." The judge then called out "Sheriff Crigler, Crigler Sheriff, take Judge Thompson to jail, and adjourn court four-and-twenty hours!" Crigler advanced to obey the order, but halted upon seeing the district attorney put himself into a "posish;" at the same time shouting loud enough to be heard all over the town that neither Crigler nor any other man should carry him to jail. To make things sure, the sheriff called for a commitment; but while this was being prepared mutual apologies passed between the court and the district attorney, and the order was revoked. The court was then adjourned for a quarter of an hour, to allow, according to custom made and provided in such cases, of "drinks" being exchanged; after which the trial proceeded to its result in the acquittal of the defendant. If all stories be true, occasionally the court adjourns in less favoured districts, to allow antagonistic attorneys to fight out with their fists what couldn't be settled by their tongues. I witnessed once—not in a rough American territory—but in the British town of Victoria, Vancouver Island—a "stand-up" fight between the "Honourable the Attorney-General" and a client of the opposite party in a suit; and not long afterwards two of the most prominent of the members of the colonial parliament engaged in a like encounter. I mention this, lest it might be unjustly supposed that these eccentricities are found exclusively in border parts of the United States.

One summer afternoon I happened to pass through a frontier village in by no means the newest State of the Pacific settlements. While my horse was baiting, hearing that the supreme court was in session, I strolled in. After passing up a rickety stair, thickly sprinkled with saliva, cigar ends, and sawdust, where the rough unplanned board walls were scrawled over with likenesses of "Judge" This and "Judge" That,

and remarks upon them, personally, politically, and judicially, I entered, by a rickety old door, a plastered room with a whitewashed board ceiling, but very dirty, and a floor covered with sawdust. On a few forms scattered through the room, lolled some "citizens" half asleep. They turned round at the sound of my jingling Mexican spurs, but finding that I was only a rough fellow with a buckskin shirt on, lolled back again and dozed off to sleep until aroused by some particular burst of eloquence from the lips of a linen-coated lawyer who was speaking furiously on the "jumping" of a mining claim. When anything particular seized the fancy of the "citizens," they would applaud in a lazy manner, and once or twice an enthusiastic miner in gum boots, with his cheek distended by an enormous "chaw" of tobacco, shouted "Bully!" "Good again!" and "That's so, judge!" But he was, I am glad to say, instantly quashed, though only partially put down; for he would still breathe out, in a lower tone, "Bu—lly!" "Good on yer head!" and so on, and explain to me (in a stage whisper) the peculiar merits of the case, in which it would seem he was interested; for he was the only person present who cared anything about the proceedings. Except the lawyer's voice and the whispering of his excited client, there was no noise in the court but the fall of a disused quid or the squirting of tobacco juice.

The lawyers sat at a horseshoe table at one end of the room; most of them sound asleep with their chairs tilted back and their heels on the table before them. In front of them on a raised platform, sat a gentleman without a waistcoat, but with a long and rather dusty brown linen coat, over a somewhat dirty white shirt without a collar. He, too, had his legs up in front of him, and was likewise chewing tobacco with a slow motion of his leathery jaws; for the heat of the day and the somniferous character of the proceedings seemed to have disposed him to sleep, like everybody else. Now and then he would incline his head, but only to squirt the rejected juice between his legs. Sometimes, when the lawyer indulged in unbecoming language in reference to the court, he would start up, and in the excitement of the moment miss his aim and squirt over among the sleepy counsel. Finally he had to charge the jury, which he did in a very sensible and thoroughly legal manner. He was a good lawyer and had been attentive to the case. However, in my eyes it detracted a little from his honour's dignity, to see him take the half used quid from his mouth and hold it between his thumb and forefinger, while he charged.

In the course of the evening I had a chance of making very close acquaintance with "his Honour." The little village hotel was crowded with an unwonted concourse of lawyers and jurymen, and, when I made up my mind to stay over the night, the "proprietor" (there are no landlords in America) informed me that he "reckoned Judge" — had the only single bed,

and if I liked to put in with him, I might get to stay somehow." Not wishing to inconvenience his Honour, I preferred to pass the night in my own blanket, on the "stoup" or porch of the building.

I have seen a judge who is said, in pursuance of his duty as a magistrate, to have fined a man twenty-five dollars for shooting at another, but who also (swayed by his feelings as a man) mulcted the other in the same figure, for not shooting back again.

At the Cariboo gold mines in British Columbia lives a well-known Irish gold commissioner, whose common-sense decisions have gained great reputation throughout that section of country. On one occasion two mining companies came before him with some dispute. One swore one way, and the other swore the exactly opposite way. The "judge" was nonplussed. "Look here, boys," at last was his sage decision, "there's no use you going to law about it. There's some hard swearing somewhere; where I won't pretend to say. *You say this, and they say that, aye, and produce witnesses, too. What am I to do?* Of course, if you insist I'll come to a decision; but I honestly confess it will be only a toss up. I tell you what's the best thing to do. You know my shanty down the creek?" All shouted in the affirmative. "Well, in that shanty there's a bottle of prime whisky, in which I will be happy to drink luck to both of you. Now, the first man there, gets the suit. Go!" Out of the court they rushed, down the creek, over logs, and over mining flumes, tumbling and rolling and running, with half the population after them, until they reached the cabin in question. When the judge arrived shortly afterwards, he found a stalwart miner firmly grasping the handle of the door. The whisky was produced, luck was drunk, and everybody went away, perfectly satisfied with the decision.

Most commendable on the whole, is the patience evinced by these judges under the orations of long-winded and not very learned attorneys. The most extraordinary instance of patience was that of a judge in Illinois, who, after two wordy lawyers had argued and re-argued about the meaning of a certain Act of Congress, closed the whole at the end of the second day by calmly remarking, "Gentlemen, the Act is repealed!"

Mr. Justice Begbie, of British Columbia, the terror of evil doers, and of too sympathising jurors, had occasion to caution a witness. "Don't prevaricate, sir, don't prevaricate; remember that you are on oath!" The excuse was, "How can I help it, judge, when I have such an almighty bad toothache!"

If the learning of the judge puzzles the witness, sometimes the dog Latin of the lawyers puzzles a judge. A short time ago, in San Francisco, a hotly contested case came on in a certain justice's court in the city, which is presided over by a magistrate with a strong antipathy to the dead languages, and all who indulge in the affectation of using them. Plaintiff

having put in his complaint in due form, the judge demanded what was the defendant's answer. Whereupon the defendant's counsel, who had been brought up under the old system and still had a lingering love for scraps of law Latin, responded, "May it please the court, our answer is that the same subject matter and cause of action in this suit was the subject matter and cause of action in a previous suit already determined, in consequence of which the question now raised before your honour, is *res adjudicata*." "Is what?" cried the judge, adjusting his spectacles. "Res adjudicata, if the court pleases." "Sir," roared the judge, "we allow no dead languages here. Plain English is good enough for us. The Practice has abolished the dead languages, and if you give us any more of your Greek or Latin I'll commit you, sir, for contempt of this court."

In the early days of California, one of these rough-and-ready dispensers of the law held a court on a Sunday, and sentenced a "greaser" (a native Californian or Mexican), according to the law then in force, to thirty-nine lashes, for theft; but on the prisoner's counsel threatening to apply for a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that it was "unconstitutional" to hold a court on a Sunday, the judge declared, with a round oath, that rather than the (blessed) greaser should get off by any such pettifoggery trick, he would carry the sentence into effect "right away." And then and there he applied the thirty-nine lashes (the law limiting them to under forty), remarking, when he had finished, that the lawyer had better reserve his "habeas corpus until the greaser's back got barked again!"

The Missouri sheriff might truly enough remark that "jurymen aer rather scarce." More than once a friend who knew the ways of the country has informed me, as a kindness, that "there wor a (blessed) jury trial agwine on down to Humbug City, and, as I reckon, the sheriff's darned run for jurymen, you'd better kinder work round ear of that locality." If I asked, "How can I be a jurymen? I am a foreigner, a stranger, a traveller, who has neither land nor lot, neither votes nor pays taxes?" "Ah, that would be mighty little 'count," would be the reply; "you hev paid taxes, for you paid your head money; and as for not being a resident, I reckon the sheriff 'll soon make ye out a residence; and as for your being a furrenner, it don't matter shucks; that's the very thing you'll be spotted for. The sheriff has summoned every citizen to coroners' and jury trials, and every other darned sort of trial, so mighty often, that they swar, if summoned much oftener, they won't vote for him next election. And as 'lection comes on in March, I sorter reckon he'll like to corall a coon or two who ain't got no vote."

At last I really was caught, and it was useless to remonstrate. The sheriff declared "jurymen were scarce, and I must just take a turn at it." To my astonishment, under the idea, I suppose, that I was "a right smart chance

of a scholar," I was chosen foreman of the jury, and in this capacity assisted in sending a man to the States prison for two months, as a reward for his mechanical skill having been diverted into the channel of making bogus gold dust. We had considerable difficulty in arriving at a unanimous verdict, as two of the jury were personal friends of the prisoner. In this stage a backwoods-man, producing a pack of cards from his pocket, proposed that we should play "seven up" for a decision; or, if we objected to gambling, we could at least "draw straws for it."

At a little backwoods saw-mill settlement called Alberni, Vancouver Island, an Indian had been stealing potatoes from a farm belonging to Mr. Sproat, the local justice, and in order to frighten this Indian, the man in charge, who was a Western backwoods-man, fired his gun vaguely in the potato-field direction. To his astonishment he shot the native dead. An inquest had to be held. The woodmen, of course, looked upon a slain Indian as a very light affair, and several came to Mr. Sproat and said: "You are not going to trouble Henry about this, are you, sir?" Mr. Sproat, being not only master, but a magistrate, had only to reply that however much he felt for the man's misfortune, he must let the law take its course. But where was a surgeon to be found, to make a post mortem examination? A careworn looking man stepped off a pile of lumber where he was working, and said he was a surgeon. This statement being naturally received with some hesitation, he produced from an old army chest, his commission, his degree, and ample proof of not only having been a medical man, but of once having been a staff surgeon. He soon produced a pea from the lung, and showed that the Indian had died from gunshot wounds in the chest. Evidence was produced in corroboration, one of the witnesses testifying that the prisoner had said, "Jack, I've shot an Indian." The "judge" laid down their duty to the jury, which was composed of twelve of the most intelligent of the workmen, and they were sent into another room for their finding. It was nearly half-an-hour before they returned. The foreman then said: "We find the siwash* was worried by a dog." "A what?" the judge exclaimed. "Worried by a dog, sir," said another jurymen, fearing that the foreman had not spoken clearly. Assuming a proper expression of magisterial gravity, his worship pointed out to the jury the incompatibility of their finding with the evidence, and again went over the points of the case, calling particular attention to the medical evidence,

* Siwash, corrupted from the voyageurs' Sauvage, a savage, universally applied to Indians on the North Pacific Coast.

and the production by the doctor of the pea found in the body of the Indian; after which he a second time dismissed the jury to their room, and begged them to come back with some verdict reasonably connected with the facts of the case. They were away longer than before. When they at length sidled back into the room for the second time, the judge drew a paper towards him to record their finding. "Now, men, what do you say?" Their decisive answer was, "We say he was killed by falling over a cliff." The judge shuffled his papers together, and told the jurymen they might go to their work, and he would return a verdict for them himself. For a full mile every way, from where the dead body was found, the country was as level as a table.

This jury was not so conscientious as another composed of the friends of some people accused of stealing pork: "We find the defendants Not Guilty; but we believe they hooked the pork."

Early in December will be ready
THE COMPLETE SET

OF
TWENTY VOLUMES,

With GENERAL INDEX to the entire work from its commencement in April, 1859. Each volume, with its own Index, can also be bought separately as heretofore.

THE NEW SERIAL TALE, HESTER'S HISTORY, commenced in Number 488, will be continued from week to week until completed in the present volume.

FAREWELL SERIES OF READINGS.

BY
MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND Co. have the honour to announce that MR. DICKENS'S FINAL SERIES OF READINGS will commence at St. James's Hall, London, on Tuesday, October 6, and be continued as follows:—Saturday, October 10, Free Trade Hall, Manchester; Monday, October 12, Tuesday, October 13, and Wednesday, October 14, Liverpool; Saturday, October 17, Manchester; Monday, October 19, Brighton; Tuesday, October 20, St. James's Hall, London; Thursday, October 22, Brighton; Saturday, October 24, Manchester; Monday, October 26, Tuesday, October 27, and Wednesday, October 28, Liverpool; Saturday, October 31, Manchester; Monday, November 2, Brighton; Tuesday, November 3, St. James's Hall, London; Saturday Morning, November 7, Brighton; Tuesday, November 17, St. James's Hall, London; Tuesday, December 1, St. James's Hall, London; Monday, December 7, Thursday, December 10, Friday, December 11, Monday, December 14, and Saturday Morning, December 19, Edinburgh; Wednesday, December 9, Tuesday, December 15, Wednesday, December 16, and Thursday, December 17, Glasgow.

All communications to be addressed to MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND Co., 50, New Bond-street, London, W.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.